

6^d PERIODICAL.

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14 1949

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PUNCH

DECEMBER

14
1949

Vol. CCXVII
No. 5690

PUNCH OFFICE

10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



The favourite finishing touch of
perfectly groomed women everywhere



YARDLEY
LAVENDER

6/3, 9/2, 13/9 per bottle incl. purchase tax

Also Lavender Soap (1/3 a tablet) and Bath Dusting Powder (12/6 with puff)

33 Old Bond Street, London



*Doth not the appetite
alter? A man loves
the meat in his youth
that he cannot endure
in his age.*

Shakespeare

Even in the leisurely days of William Shakespeare apparently it was possible for man to become satiated with good eating. The science of food as we know it now was unheard of then, as were for that matter the "meat" shortages which we all regret.

In the bustle of life in this day and age a man need no longer suffer if time, or years, will not permit him to assimilate his food, or if he lacks that "pep" which only a generous protein intake supplies.

He can get adequate and enjoyable nourishment from a cup of PEPTALAC, the predigested milk and wheat food drink.

PEPTALAC is an ideal source of protein for the busy man—and his family too. It imposes no strain on the digestion and can occasion no regret.

Made in an instant by the mere addition of hot water—"The milk is in it!" Get a tin today and enjoy "the pep" that only PEPTALAC can supply.



Peptalac
THE PREDIGESTED MILK DIET

4517

A COW & GATE PRODUCT

Master OXO



adds the master flavour



For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

have maintained their
reputation as the best
cigarettes in the world



Export Packing



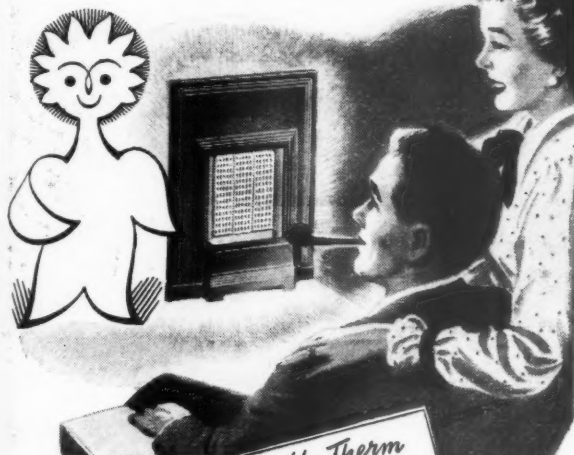
SPONTEX sponges are wonderfully soft, absorbent and resilient... stay fresh and save soap. They have a long life and may be cleaned by boiling. SPONTEX Sponges contain no rubber—ask for them by name.

NOW IN FOUR
DELIGHTFUL COLOURS **2'9** AND **3'8**



MADE IN G.T. BRITAIN BY SPONCEL LTD.

the home-help who lives in!



Quick warmth on a chilly evening? Hot water on tap to help with all the odd jobs every day? Clean, controllable heat for cooking? Leave it all to Mr. Therm—the most willing daily help who ever toiled to make life easy for you. See the fine modern fires and cookers and water heaters at your Gas Showrooms.

GAS

MAKE WISE USE OF

Issued by The Gas Council



"Don't worry, Mother,
Joan's frock is really
crease-resisting!"

By the time the party's over
Joan's frock still won't look
crumpled. It's made in a fabric
marked 'TEBILIZED,' and will
resist and recover from creasing
much as wool does naturally.



EVERY FABRIC MARKED

TEBILIZED

REGD.

HAS TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE



YES! IT'S
MAZDA

the outshining light

Arrest excessive current consumption and expenditure in lamps, and at the same time enjoy the extra good lighting that Mazdas give. Mazda fluorescent lamps and equipment are outshining successes in every sphere of domestic, industrial and scientific lighting. And Mazda coiled-coil lamps give up to 20% more light than ordinary tungsten lamps. Ask your local Mazda dealer.



MAZDA LAMPS AND LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

Made in England by **BTH** Leaders in Lighting

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2



Champagne

makes it an occasion



When there's magic in the air...
when hearts beat faster... when
'the day' comes round again...
Champagne makes it an occasion.

ISSUED BY THE COMITÉ INTERPROFESSIONNEL DU VIN DE CHAMPAGNE,
EPERNAY, FRANCE

ENJOY HEALTH-GIVING

Massage at home

Massage is good for you! Doctors recommend it. It stimulates the circulation, invigorates the tissues and promotes a healthy skin. It gives relief from many aches and pains; persuades away unwanted fat.

The Pifco Massager relaxes tired muscles, soothes the nerves and is beneficial in many ways—for the scalp, face, body or feet—and all in the comfort and privacy of your own home.

Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores. Write for descriptive folder and name of your nearest stockist.



59/6
Tax 14/6

PIFCO LTD • PIFCO HOUSE • MANCHESTER 4



The Jolliest Party They've Known

MOTHER—you remember the sparkling colourful joy that Chivers Jellies gave to parties... Now, perhaps for the first time, your children may know the same thrill. Supplies are still scarce—but a little better than last Christmas. So ask your grocer. It may be your lucky day—and their jolliest Party.

CHIVERS JELLIES

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juice

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

G1463



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



-Christmas Presents-

Write for
illustrated catalogue
of

Scarves
by

Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street London. W.1.



The Tescan label—for Beaver Lamb, Embros and other fur skins—is, so to speak, the Cordon Bleu of the sheepfold.

Competition for this distinction is so keen that only lambs from the choicest pastures can hope for success. Rather less than ten per cent actually do make the grade.

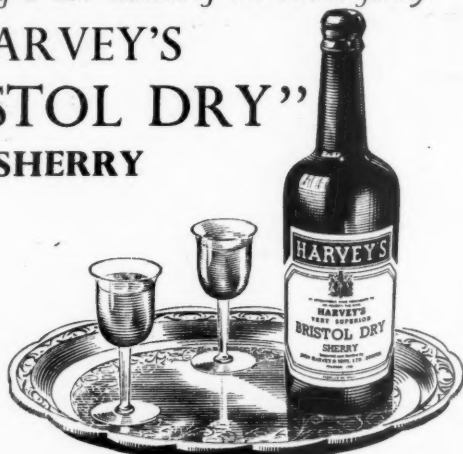
This may be discouraging for the aspiring lamb, but it makes good news for fashionable women. It means that coats bearing the Tescan label are made only from the finest skins matched and prepared by the best British craftsmen. Be sure to look for the Tescan label when choosing your new fur coat. Tescan skins are weatherproofed



By appointment  to H.M. The King

Introducing a new member of the Bristol family

HARVEY'S "BRISTOL DRY" SHERRY



HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM and BRISTOL MILK are famous all over the World as the finest full Oloroso Sherries. "BRISTOL DRY" is a superb FINO, of great age, blended to suit the taste of those who prefer a rather drier Wine. Price 25/- per bottle. On receipt of a remittance for this amount a sample bottle of "BRISTOL DRY" will be sent postage and package free.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD.
5 Pipe Lane, Colston Street, BRISTOL, 1

LONDON OFFICE—40, King Street, St. James's. Subsidiary Companies, or Branches at—Kidderminster, Cardiff, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Glasgow and at Beatties of Wolverhampton



3 MODELS
DUAL-VOLT FOURSOME
The FIVE
The world-renowned FOURSOME

What better Christmas Gift could you give a man! A gift that any woman can give with certainty of being just right—a gift that he will treasure—that will be useful to him through the years. He will be able to shave clean, smooth and fast, to shave anywhere without the slightest fuss, without brush, cream or hot water. Make absolutely sure this time by giving him a Remington Electric Dry Shaver—the most useful year-round gift you could select.

- SHAVE DRY
- NO LATHER
- NO BLADES

REMINGTON
ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER
MADE IN G.T. BRITAIN

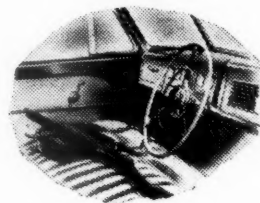
Available in 210/250 v. or 110/125 v. AC/DC. The Dual-Volt operates over both ranges Sold everywhere. Buy now to be sure
REMINGTON RAND LTD (SHAVER DIV.) 1 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1



the wise motorist chooses

Essolube

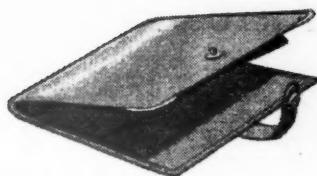
THE OIL FOR
WISER DRIVERS



OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED BY LEADING CAR MANUFACTURERS

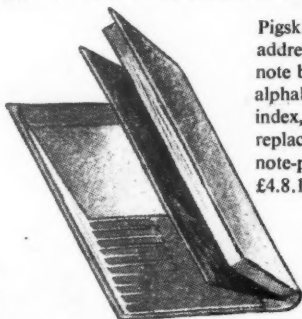
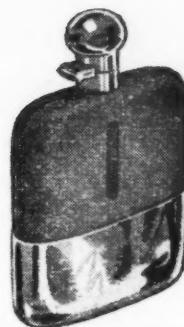
For him...

Man about town or man about the house—country lover—sportsman—whatever his type, or tastes, you'll find something to please him at Simpson's. Here are a very few of the many delightful personal gifts available. Come and see for yourself...

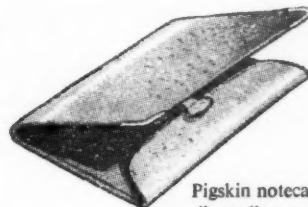


Pigskin wallet,
silver gilt corners £4.1.0

Pigskin
spirit flask,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, pewter
detachable
drinking cup,
bayonette top
£4.0.0

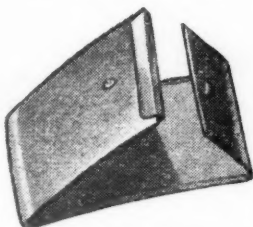


Pigskin
address and
note book,
alphabetical
index,
replaceable
note-pad
£4.8.11

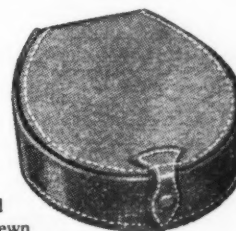


Pigskin notecase,
silver gilt corners.
Purse inside £3.17.2

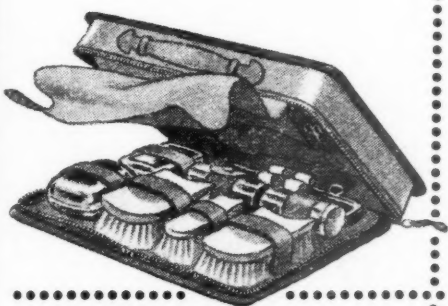
Hammered-
Pewter
Tankard,
glass base.
Pint size 39/3
(illustrated)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint 31/3



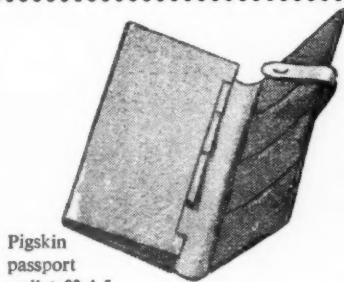
Pigskin cheque book
cover 21/4



Pigskin stud
box, hand-sewn,
suede lined 59/11



Pigskin fitted toilet case,
ivory backed brushes £29.1.7



Pigskin
passport
wallet £3.4.5



Electro-plate nickel silver
cocktail shaker,
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints £10.15.9

From the Gift Shop at

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd
202 Piccadilly London W.1 Regent 2002

..it's a **NEW WORLD** for me

I'm always showing girl friends my kitchen since I had my NEW WORLD 1430 Series Gas Cooker. It looks absolutely lovely. And so very little work is necessary to keep it lovely. Its REGULO makes my cooking as good as a chef's, according to Jack, and you should see how it's keeping the gas bills down!



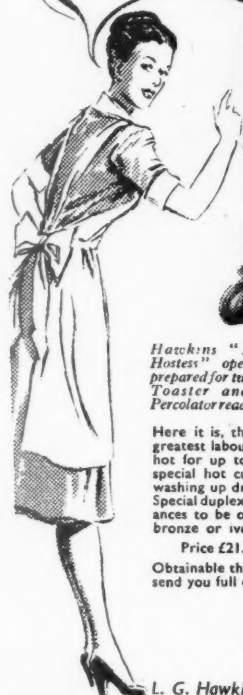
See them at your Gas Showrooms

NEW WORLD No. 1430 series GAS COOKERS

PRODUCT OF **Radiation Ltd**

62

JUST TO REMIND YOU...



Hawkins "Electric Hostess" opened and prepared for two people. Toaster and Coffee Percolator ready for use.

An ideal gift! Perfect combination of elegance, utility, labour saving and efficiency. Observe perfect design and beautiful finish.

Here it is, the new patented streamlined "Electric Hostess," the greatest labour-saver yet invented. The Hostess keeps food piping hot for up to six hours after cooking. Also keeps plates hot in special hot cupboard. An ideal dining table for two. Minimises washing up drudgery.

Special duplex plug attachment permits two additional electrical appliances to be operated simultaneously. Beautifully finished in toned bronze or ivory and gold. Saves time, labour, fuel and trouble.

Price £21. 0. 0. inc. P.T. Duplex Plug £1. 1. 0. extra.

Obtainable through leading Stores and Electrical Retailers. Let us send you full descriptive literature—write to-day.

Hawkins
"Electric Hostess"

L. G. Hawkins & Co. Ltd., 30/35 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

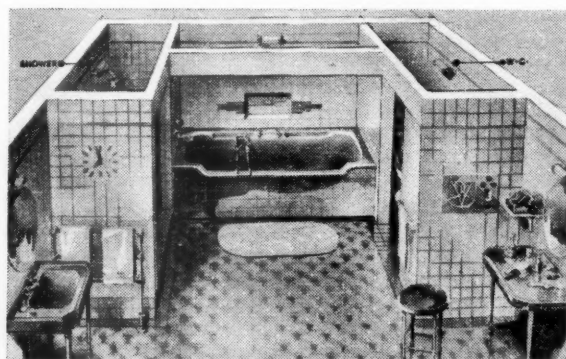
**Le Meilleur
Aperitif
de la France**



The most promising start to a happy evening
is the simplest and best cocktail—
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Gin and $\frac{1}{3}$ Lillet (with just a dash of
Orange Bitters or a slice of lemon peel).

LILLET

TWISS & BROWNING & HALLOWES LTD.
1 VINTNERS' PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4



A Finch Planned BATHROOM

The bathroom shown in our illustration has been cleverly designed for a small room (12' x 10'). W.C. and shower are segregated, allowing for an attractive 'canopied' alcove for the bath itself. The overall impression is one of roominess combined with compact convenience. The Finch Organization actually plan and design bathrooms and supply everything... tiles, flooring and sanitary fittings.

You can have a complete bathroom or any single item of bathroom equipment. Make a point of calling at the Finch showrooms where you can see planned bathrooms, or if you prefer it, write in today for the Finch illustrated brochure.



B. FINCH & CO. LTD., BELVEDERE WORKS, BARKINGSIDE, ESSEX
Tel: VAlentine 8888

SHOWROOMS: FINCH CORNER, EASTERN AVENUE, ILFORD, ESSEX

A Christmas . . .



. . . she'll remember

In many people the first experience of Christmas with The Salvation Army has inspired a lifelong faith in human kindness. They remember it thankfully as a time when love and happiness were made real for them. We have such a big family of all ages—from babyhood to 'Eventide'—to provide for, and our Officers work ceaselessly to bring the true spirit of Christmas to many a sad heart and home. Will you please help them, by sending a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E., 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

WHERE THERE'S NEED —

The Salvation Army

BY APPOINTMENT—C. SHIPPAM LTD.—SUPPLIERS OF MEAT AND FISH PASTES TO H.M. THE KING



Have you tried
it yet? . . .

Shippam's

PILCHARD AND TOMATO PASTE

ASK FOR SHIPPAM'S SOUPS, TOO

Now you can get the real thing—Cornish Pilchards blended with ripe tomatoes into the smoothest of pastes. There's nothing like Shippam's. Ask for it by name and see you get it. It's now in good supply.

Do you want these advantages in your next refrigerator?



Model R-4½ £77

plus £18-17-0 Purchase Tax.

Frigidaire and only Frigidaire provides all these features:

Frozen Food Storage
Compartment
Large Ice-Making Capacity
Glass-Topped Vegetable
Hydrator
All-Porcelain Lining
Adjustable Cold Control
Lots of space — 4½ cu. ft.
Practical, Modern Beauty

Free with every cabinet — a 78-page
Frigidaire Instruction and Recipe
Book for varied menus — easier
entertaining.

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE
HAS THE METER-MISER . . .



The simplest cold-making
mechanism ever built

Sealed in steel. Oiled for life.
No service worries. Uses less
current than an ordinary light
bulb.

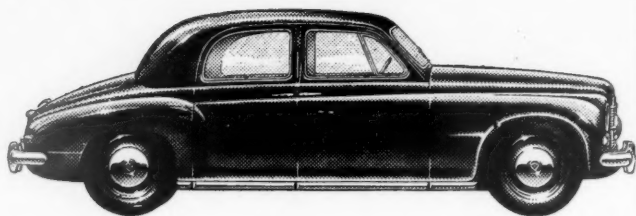
Shop where
food is
FRIGIDAIRE - FRESH!

THE WORLD'S FINEST REFRIGERATOR

FRIGIDAIRE

OVER 11 MILLION HAVE BEEN BUILT AND SOLD

MADE IN ENGLAND
BY FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LTD., LONDON, N.W.9



The new Rover Seventy-Five

Progress in profile! Everyone knew that when a new Rover made its appearance, it would not only be an uncommonly fine motor car, but would be of a design prescribed not by fashion but by sound engineering advances. Here it is — the new Rover 'Seventy-Five'. Faster, safer, more comfortable and more economical, it is a worthy successor in a high quality lineage.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

The Rover Company Limited Solihull Birmingham & Devonshire House London
(VS-127)



Let's have

MOUSSEC

*and make it
a marvellous party*



In two darning needles lay...words

TELEGRAPHIC communication became possible in 1837, but at first messages could be sent only by Morse code. A Welshman, David Edward Hughes, a Professor of Music living in the United States, sought to invent an electrical apparatus that would transmit typed messages. One evening in 1855 he borrowed two darning needles from an old lady and began to use them as vibrators . . . Thus was born the telegraphic type-printer — the forerunner of the modern teleprinter.

The inventive spirit of Hughes is still alive in Britain today.

The electricity industry, for instance, is continually developing new appliances which increase the output of our factories and farms and make life easier in the home. On the electricity supply side, too, marvels are being done to overcome the post-war power shortage. Already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours. Soon the nation will be able to enjoy even greater benefits from the new electrical age.



The Electrical Development Association explores and advises on methods by which work on farms can be made easier by the application of electricity. Consult your Electricity Service Centre, or write to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2



4 ENGINES for PARIS £10 RETURN

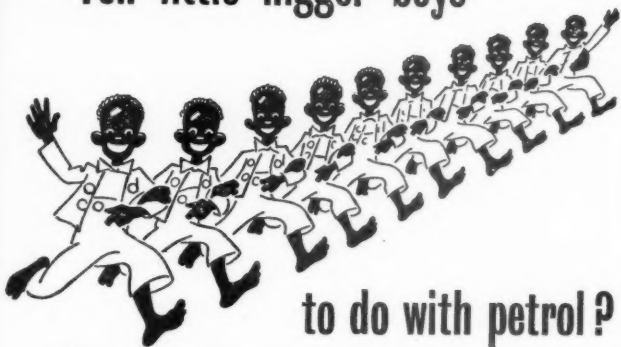
30-day excursion flights each morning and evening. Other services during the day at normal fare including extra-normal champagne lunch or dinner, £14.8.0 return. 44 and 33 seater 4-engine Skymasters and Languedocs on all services.

Details from Travel Agents (no booking fees)

AIR FRANCE

52 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 0971
Services from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow.

What have Ten little nigger boys



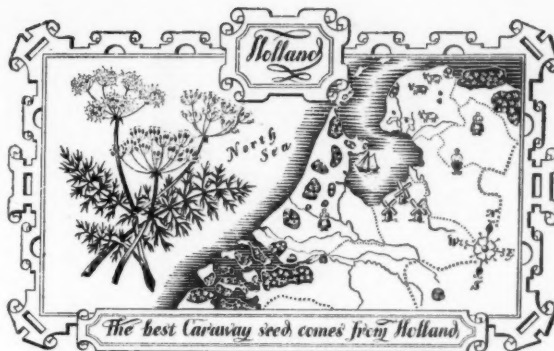
Well, "ten little nigger boys" and Regent Petrol have one thing in common—they both "evaporate by degrees". But this is as far as the comparison goes. With the nigger boys the "degrees" match the dictates of fate, with REGENT they match the dictates of the engine, which demands the correct degree of evaporation for instantaneous starting, rapid warming up, lively acceleration, and maximum economy. This balanced volatility is just one more characteristic which will help you enjoy better motoring when REGENT branded petrol once more returns.

REGENT PETROL

Sterling Quality



Rp.7



BOLSKUMMEL

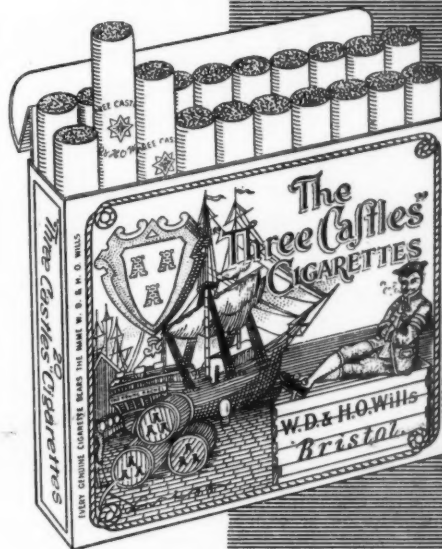
*To those who appreciate
a finer KUMMEL*

Double-distilled from the finest Dutch caraway seeds, Bolskummel is friendly to your digestion. In sipping Bolskummel you sip the original, authentic Dutch—the inspiration of all other Kummels.



ERVEN LUCAS BOLS
AMSTERDAM

A WILLS PRODUCT



THE
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

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THE IDEAL GIFT
for him - for her

Here is the "Princess" Portable, a really sensible present which gives pleasure the whole year round. Attractively produced in colours to suit masculine or feminine taste it settles at least one gift problem for either sex but is also an ideal present for family use. Inside or out, at home or away—it can easily be carried or tucked inside a small suitcase—this wonderful little portable weighs only 4½ lbs. and is brimful of entertainment ... and a well remembered gift! Ask your Ekco Dealer to show you one!

EKCO *Princess* PORTABLE

Please send me illustrated details of the Ekco "Princess" Portable.

Name

Address

Post to E. K. Cole Ltd., Southend-on-Sea

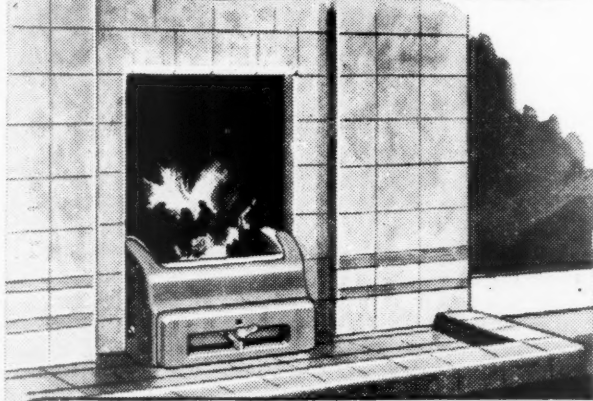
P.7

Use Ekco Lamps — as reliable as Ekco Radio

£14

inc. battery and tax

The SOFONO ALL FUEL FIRE



This is the fire that burns all night—every night. It takes all types of solid fuel—coke, coal, coalite, dross—and gives excellent, unrestricted radiant heat. In addition, the Sofono can be used with a back boiler, which means hot water in the morning. Installation is simple, and sizes to fit 14in., 16in. and 18 in. fireplace openings are available. The finish is in beautiful lustrous vitreous enamel in many different colours to match your tile surround. Gas ignition is provided to facilitate kindling if required.

Price from 77/9d—106/6, according to size and colour.

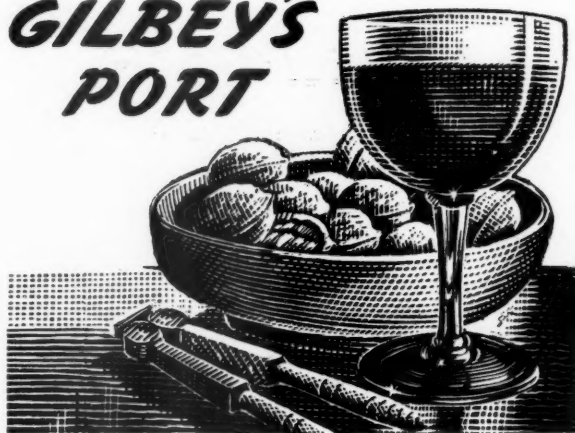
Full descriptive literature on request.

GRANGEMOUTH IRON CO. LTD., FALKIRK



Admire its rich ruby colour
Inhale its exquisite bouquet
Relish the really excellent
flavour of

**GILBEY'S
PORT**



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S



Look, too, at the pure mohair ... the superb finish ... the high standard of workmanship. Choice? 3 shapes, 6 sizes, and 15 glorious colours. Price? Surprisingly small. Delivery? Direct from Mills to consumer. Thus, within the shortest possible time a GAYLEDOUR RUG will be yours. Trade enquiries are not invited.



GAYLEDOUR

PURE MOHAIR RUGS

The free illustrated Gayledour Booklet. True colours, full details, shapes, sizes, prices, and easy to order form. No obligation. Write today to:

Name

Address

Bramhope Floorfurnishings Ltd., Dept. P.4, 8-10, Wakefield Road, Orghington, near Bradford, Yorks.

Report from the dollar routes



On the lifelines of the Export drive

If you cross the Atlantic, either North or South, by sea or by air, there's one thing you are almost sure to find in your stateroom or by your seat . . . a "THERMOS" brand jug of ice-fresh drinking water. And of course Thermos vessels are used for storage of hot food too.

Add up all the cabins on Britain's luxury liners that sail or fly those waters, and you have a tidy number of jugs and jars . . . some part of the explanation of the shortage at home.

In all the countries served by these lines, Thermos equipment is a recognised essential. So, for visitors to Britain, the same equipment is provided, making a chain of Thermos service from the dollar areas to our shores.

It is a pity that we cannot yet complete the picture with Thermos installations throughout this country too. That will come. And it will come more quickly as we send more Thermos products out along those dollar routes.

Although the restrictions on purchase of vacuum flasks have been withdrawn since January 1949, we very much regret that the supply of Thermos products to the home market is still much below the level of demand. We believe that "Report from the dollar routes" will help to explain this shortage as satisfactorily as possible in present circumstances.



Manufacturers of
Vacuum Vessels
to H.M. The King

THERMOS (1925) LIMITED, SEYMOUR ROAD, LONDON, E.10

THERMOS
REGISTERED TRADE MARK



SHERRY FACTS

"Mostly a
matter
of nose"

Wines made from the same Vineyards in Spain acquire different characteristics—the result of fermentation. The art of blending these wines which become Sherry is "mostly a matter of nose" but so that these particular characteristics can be repeated by the accuracy, skill and art of the expert, specimen samples of all Fernandez Sherries are kept for years in the Bodegas at Jerez.

That is one reason why Fernandez Sherries are consistently of the finest quality.

Fernandez

SHERRY
Produce of Spain

Sole Importers: Twiss & Brownings & Hollows Ltd., 1 Vineyard Place, E.C.4.

Cairn Hydro HOTEL HARROGATE

Warmth and comfort for winter residence are offered by this fine Hotel, now fully licensed. It has a high standard of catering and service, a Billiard Room, Ballroom and Card Lounge, and passenger lift. It is the only Hotel in Harrogate with a private suite of Medical Baths.

Telephone 4005.

Manager: A. A. Lickorish.

TRUST HOUSES LTD

SPAIN

Hotel Reina Cristina ALGECIRAS

Visit this British-owned luxury hotel for your Winter or Summer holiday. Facing the Rock of Gibraltar, and reached by air in a day from London. Hotel car meets aircraft at Gibraltar Airport.

Apply Usual Agencies or direct to Manager.

welcome stranger . . .

Palace Hotel hospitality has to be experienced to be appreciated. The Managing Director, Mr. J. J. Hewlett, takes a personal interest in the enjoyment and comfort of each and every one of his patrons. Limited accommodation is still available for the New Year week-end celebrations. Please telephone Buxton 2000.



AT THE **PALACE HOTEL** BUXTON SPA

"King George IV"

Whisky Old "Scotch"

THE
DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD.
EDINBURGH

Max. Retail Prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Assn.
33/4 per bot. and
17/5 per half-bot.

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COMMONWEALTH PLAN TO— Australia & N. Zealand

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All expenses included. Sunshine route via U.S.A.

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You and your family can fly into a new world of sunshine and plenty NOW! Phone your Travel Agent, or Pan American, 193-4, Piccadilly, W.1. (REGent 7292.)

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

THE FINEST PIPE THAT MONEY CAN BUY

Foursome

Skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root—truly a pipe for the connoisseur. Available at high-class tobacconists. For address of nearest stockist write to—The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Blenheim Factory, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SPINK



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**JEWELLERY
SILVER
COINS AND
MEDALS**

SPINK & SON Ltd.
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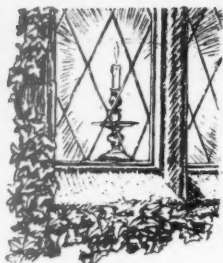
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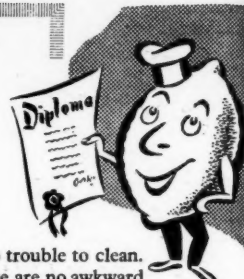
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THIS LEMON SWEET DESERVES Honorable Mention

says Patricia Seymour



TO YOUR FAMILY the most eagerly-awaited part of a special dinner is the sweet course, and here is a really delicious lemon pudding. It not only has a wonderful flavour but looks mouth-watering and attractive if you serve it in a crystal-clear 'Pyrex' brand dish. This beautiful glass ovenware retains all the exciting flavours, and there's no danger of the food drying up. You can see when the food is cooked and take it straight to the table, where this sparkling glassware really adds to the gay and festive atmosphere.

And it's so quick and easy to use. No dirty saucepans to waste your time! You can leave your pudding in the same dish you cooked it in until every bit has been eaten. And this smooth, streamlined glassware

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There are no awkward corners or edges for food to cling to.

Grease 2-pint 'Pyrex' brand pie-dish. Sift 8 oz. self-raising flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt. Rub in 3 oz. margarine. Grate rind of 1 lemon into 2 oz. sugar and add to mixture. Beat one egg, mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and water, and fold into mixture. When smooth, place in pie-dish. Bake in moderately hot oven for half an hour. Squeeze out lemon juice, remove pips, heat with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. apricot jam. Mix 1 level teaspoon arrowroot (or cornflour) to a thin cream with water, stir into jam mixture, bring to boil. Pour over hot pudding and serve at once. (Ministry of Food tested.)



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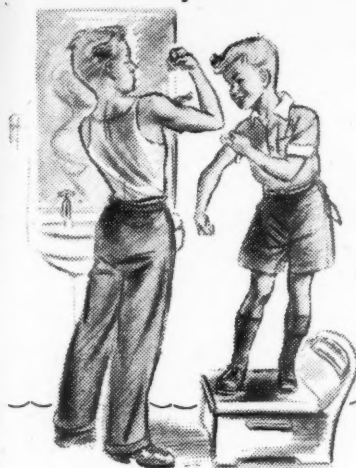
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Send full details of the JUNO Electric Floor Polisher

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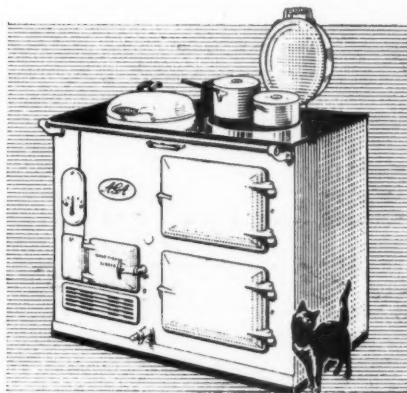


OUR GALLIC FRIEND'S enthusiasm is pardonable. The continuous-burning Aga serves its owner like a living thing; a tireless domestic help that is never off duty for it never goes out. Besides cooking all meals to delight an epicure, the Aga gives sufficient hot water for three baths a day and all other household purposes!

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Here is the Aga Model CB Cooker and Water Heater with a guaranteed maximum fuel consumption for the year of 3½ tons, burning COKE, anthracite or "Phurnacite". This size model is available without water-heating, also 4-oven model. Aga models from £85 to £115. Hire purchase at less than £4 a month.



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AGA COOKERS

Regd. Trade Mark

AND WATER HEATERS



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These sets contain a Gillette one-piece razor and a Gillette Dispenser—the up-to-date system now making shaving easier than ever before.

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Good idea—the Gillette Dispenser, containing 20 Blue Gillette Blades, is available separately. 5/4 (Inc. P. Tax)

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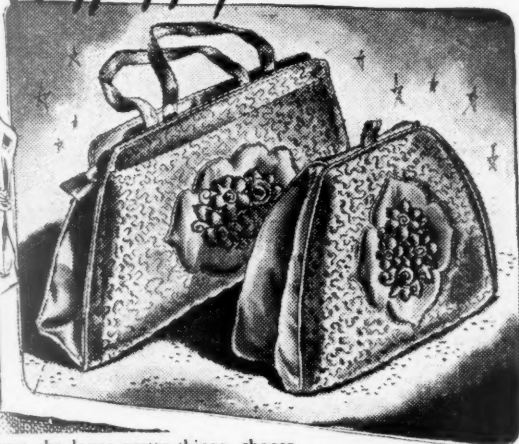
No. 16
Set



No. 22
Set



A Happy Christmas



Because she loves pretty things, choose her a truly feminine gift of rich quilted satin . . . a nightdress case, a handkerchief sachet, a workbag or tea cosy in the loveliest of pastel shades: rose, turquoise, apple or honey.

From these we have selected

Tea Cosy - 47/6
Workbag - 63/-

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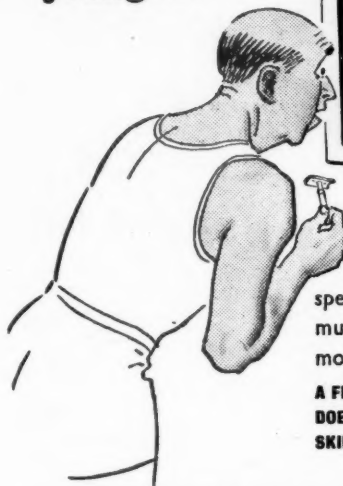
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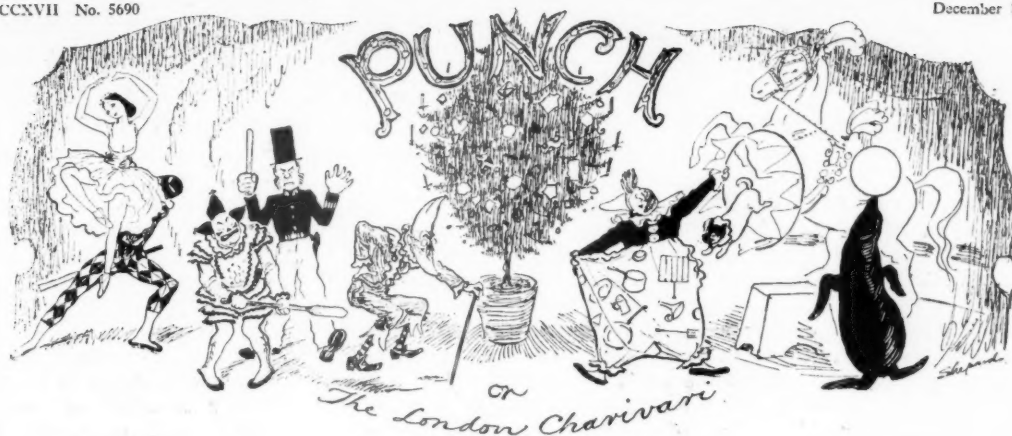
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CHARIVARIA

WE understand that the Government has definitely decided against charging the Minister of Health's salary to the Opposition as an election expense.

"Defendant was apparently going to Wexford with some plastic device for knocking the top off a pint which he was bringing to a Wexford plastic factory."—*Irish paper*

In our local it always comes to blows.



From the north-east coast comes the report that hungry seagulls are invading houses in order to search the kitchen and pantry for food. Some lonely housewives are only too glad to have company when they embark on a similar quest.

"Education in this country is at a crossroads; we can either go forwards or backwards"—*B.B.C. broadcast*
Or, of course, to the Left or the Right.

Denis Compton is rumoured to be a possible candidate for the next election. Usually the journey between Lord's and Commons is made in the other direction.

Children are stealing doormats for toboggans at Maidenhead, reports a Sunday paper. Even those, we are sorry to say, which are not marked *Welcome*.

Producers of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, up and down the country, are said to be living in hourly fear of Admiralty intervention.

"We read of a vast form with immense calves quietly entering Hereford College, and word went around that Vassall was up."

"*Everybody's Weekly*"
Or was it a bull?

If one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives it isn't because Government snoopers are not trying to find out.



A Frinton correspondent says he saw a crowd of ants pushing a lump of sugar across his lawn. He thinks their idea is to form a stockpile prior to nationalization.

Work of Supererogation

"A nice compliment has been paid to the Bristol and District Draughts Association by the appointment of Mr. George Livingstone, chairman of the executive committee, to organize draughts for British Railways."—*"Bristol Evening World"*

A City businessman declares that anyone can keep fit at home by playing table-tennis for an hour every day. It's the pursuit of the unreachable by the un-stretchable that brings the benefit.



MINE HOST

I OFFERED the box of flags to the proprietor of the "Rose and Crown."

He held up a flat dirty hand and shook his head majestically from side to side. Then he said:

Don't waste your time with me. I've got one of those flags stuck up on the beam 'ere from last year.

AND a poppy.

AND a rose.

AND a buttercup.

AND some flower what no gardener's ever seen!

A whole blooming garden in a row, I've got pinned up 'ere. Never 'ave to buy nothing from anybody who comes waving a tin at me.

Now I'll tell you. I've got a tin of me own on the counter there. Plenty a people come asking me for money, but do they put anything in my tin? Ho, no! Sometimes I put the customers' change on the top of it and I say to them: "Mind a penny don't drop in by ACCIDENT!" They don't like that!

Plenty of grumblers I get in this pub too. You'd be surprised the things people expect. Only last night two young fellers complained they couldn't see.

"Won't cost you nothing to 'ave your eyes tested," I told 'em, but they couldn't take a joke. Wanted me to switch on the other light.

"Look 'ere," I says to them straight, "that's a fifteen-watt bulb, same as all the rest in this 'ouse, and it costs me best part of a 'a'penny to run it for an hour. If you expect a glittering palace on what the

brewers allow me for running this place you'll 'ave to think again," I said.

That soon settled their hash! Went off pretty smart!

Same as the fire. Someone who lives not a 'undred miles from 'ere, but I'm mentioning no names, struts in 'ere Saturday, lays 'old of the poker and cracks up the lump of coal I'd just put on.

"Call this a fire?" 'e said. "Can't 'ardly feel it!"

"If you're that cold," I says to him, "you'd better be 'alf be sitting by your own fire burning your own coal up, 'stead o' mine." 'E didn't stay long!

I reckon pubs is finished. I don't suppose I get more than 'alf a dozen people in during the evening, and they don't sit drinking steady like they used. 'Alf a pint, 'olding on to it best part of a hour while they grumble, that's them.

"Drink up, gents," I say. "Don't forget you're making me fortune for me with all the pints you drink." They don't seem to see no joke though. A 'eavy lot in this village.

You'd think they'd enjoy a bit of comfort and 'ospitality, but no! Sit there stamping their feet and blowing on their 'ands like they was cold, and then off they go in no time.

"Anybody'd think you wasn't made welcome," I say to 'em. "I suppose you want cushions in yer backs and cigars on the 'ouse. Not to mention 'alf a 'undredweight of coal on the fire like what you seem to 'ave at 'ome."

They can't answer that one!

The other day I 'ad a party of cyclists call in 'ere wanting food, of all things!

"FOOD?" I says. "You want to recollect yourselves. I've no catering licence to supply food to a lot of 'ungry good-for-nothings who come stamping in 'ere without so much as wiping their feet. AND leave the door open!" A straight word does no 'arm now and again.

"You can 'ave a drink if you must 'ave something," I said. Ho, no! Much too proud. Said they'd go where they was made more welcome. What d'you make of that, eh?

Like the young woman as came in last winter. Nearly closing time, it was, and she'd missed the last bus. Asked me as bold as brass for a bed for the night.

"You've come to the wrong place," I told 'er. "We don't 'ave no spare beds 'ere for anyone that thinks they'll drop in just when it pleases them. Where do you think my wife is going to find clean sheets and blankets and I don't know what at this time of night? If you'd 'ad the civility to give us a bit of notice now, we might 'ave fixed you up on the sofa in the bar parlour with a couple of rugs."

Started piping 'er eye then. Didn't cut any ice with me, I can tell you.

"You should 'ave minded the time," I told 'er, "then you wouldn't 'ave missed the bus. You'd best save your breath to walk 'ome." Impfield she lived, a matter o' eight mile.

"Plenty of times I've done that walk," I said to 'er.

"Not in these shoes, ugly," she said, and put 'er tongue out at me! Common, my wife said.

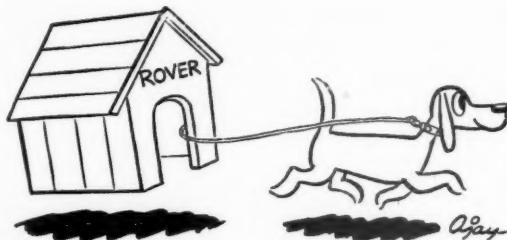
Well, that's the sort of person I 'ave to deal with, day in day out.

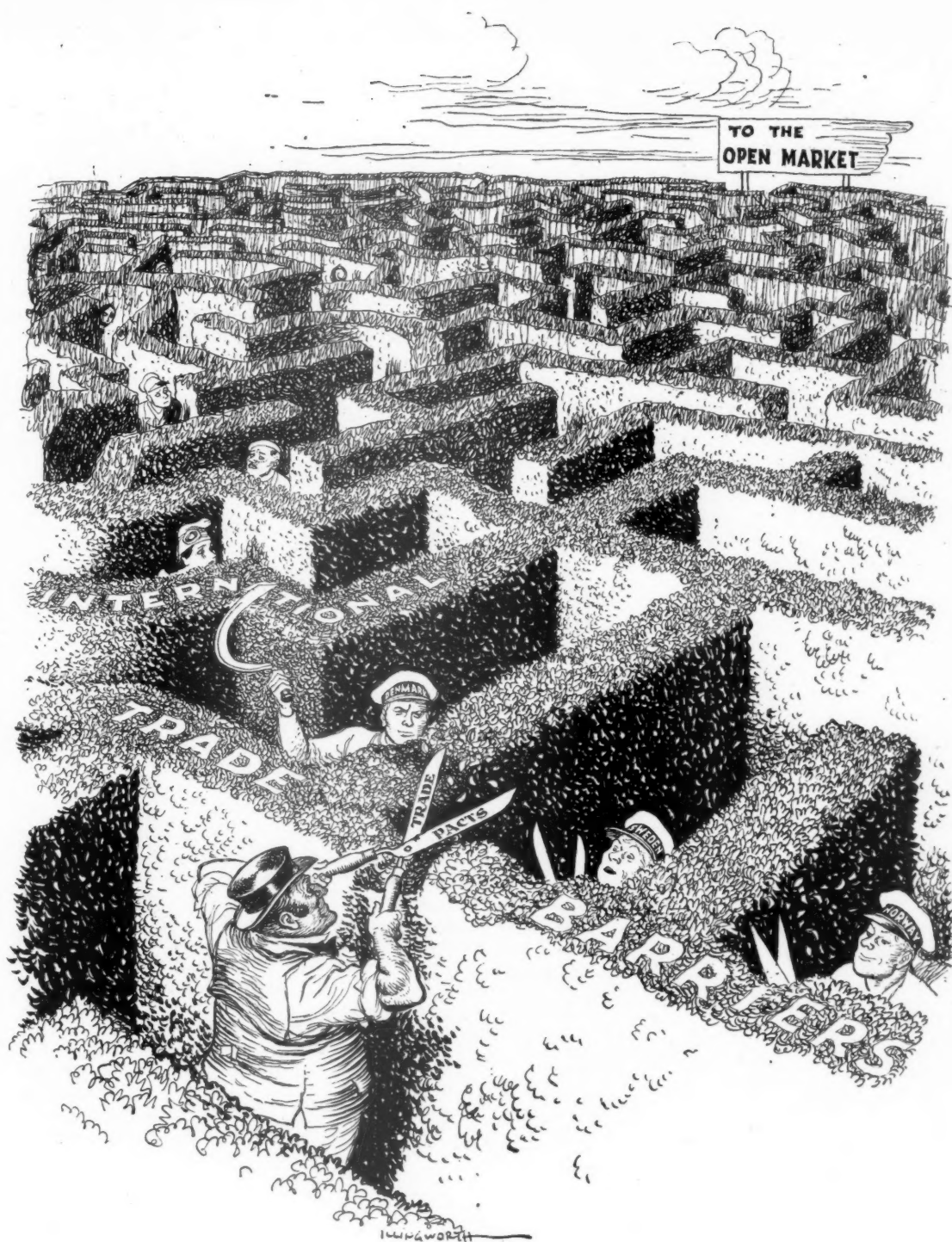
You can't wonder this pub don't pay! Now can you?

5 5

Well Rowed, Surtees!

"The piece of comedy is provided by the grave digger who whilst digging a grave for Ophelia, digs up the old scull of Jorrocks who had, at one time been the kings jester."—Schoolboy's essay





THE SHORT CUT



"It's a pity you couldn't have missed your connection when the roses were out."

HAPPY FAMILIES

A FEW weeks ago Aunt Dora came to see me in my bed-sitting room. I gave her a meal and we had quite a pleasant evening.

Then four days later I had a letter from Aunt Ethel. She was glad to hear that I had such a nice place to live, but what a pity it was near the Metropolitan Railway Line.

Aunt Gertrude wrote. She hoped I didn't find the trains disturbing. She knew somebody who had once lived near a railway station and had had to put all her ornaments on the carpet at night or they rattled with each passing train and kept her awake. She had had to wedge her windows and doors with paper and was constantly having the ceilings re-plastered.

Aunt Edith's letter arrived the

following day. Why was I having nightmares and sleepless nights? It might lead to all sorts of things later on. Look at my second cousin Laura. She hoped I was not relying too much on aspirin to make me sleep. Was I worried about my work? No career was worth ruining my health for; I must speak to my employer. And I must insist that my landlord re-plaster the ceiling and mend my broken window. All landlords should be horse-whipped and have more glass put in.

Aunt Mabel was the next to write. I must stop taking drugs immediately. I must be strong. Where was my character? If I don't nip the habit in the bud it will undermine my strength like a serpent and drag my self-respect

through the dust of degradation like a tattered flag. It was the height of folly to allow anxiety over my work to reduce me to such a state. Look at Laura. If conditions at the office were so bad I must leave. She was unable to understand why I had not done so already and couldn't help feeling that there was more in the situation than I had admitted. Had my employer some hold over me? In any case, it was ridiculous to allow myself to be reduced to a state of being afraid of my landlord and allowing him to rent me a room in such an appalling state of disrepair. If he will not have the walls re-bricked or re-plastered or something, I must sue him.

Aunt Ada lives in New Zealand, so I heard from her last. She said

I must go to a psychiatrist at once. There was no need to be afraid or ashamed, because nerves are quite recognized nowadays and several people she knows have them. All her life she has found it fatal to neglect hers and I must have mine seen to without delay. Look at Laura. If I don't do this I will never break the drug habit, and its grip was obviously already so strong that I must have expert treatment. What kind of man was my employer that he should introduce me to such evil? I must go to the police without delay and have him taken into custody. I must report my landlord to the Public Health people immediately. I was obviously reduced to a very sorry state when I could live in a place with paneless windows, crumbling walls and falling ceiling.

This morning I had a wire from my father saying briefly that he was coming to see me, but was calling at Scotland Yard first.

He should be there now.

FASHION PAGE

YOUR Belinda is going to let you down quite dreadfully this week and write about men's clothes! But wait—it's so that you can find just the right gay gift for your own, own males.

I've dived in and out of a hundred shops, had the most tweedy time and just loved every moment of it. And now I'm panting to tell all.

First I saw some warm-as-toast dressing-gowns, squirrel-soft and cosy-clinging. They are a complete delight and a simply-must for men this year. And slippers in earthy-brown leather with baa-lamb linings for cold toes. Without a pair of these he'll be just quite out of things. They're made on clean, simple lines and look so Right somehow.

I saw some quite perfect pastel pyjamas and thought how dream-inducing they would be—and *you*, my dear, are what he'll dream about! They looked smooth and gay, as sugar-icing, yet far, far cosier.

Socks may sound the tiniest bit dull—but if you simply *scour* the shops, as I did, you see some of the most lighthearted socks in the world—just made to take his breath away when he sees them.

Then—reversible pullovers. One minute he's a stern, daytime man-of-affairs, and then—presto! with the light-'n-bright side out he's your chuckling schoolboy again!

Finally, a word about ties. Some girls I know are the least bit scaredy-cat about buying these. My tip is—don't be. Some that I saw this week were liltily man-of-the-world, others had a tender laugh woven right into their pleased-as-pie designs! He's just a boor if he doesn't think of you every time he puts one of these ties on—if he's really clever he'll want to frame it!

Well, that's all for now. Next week I'll have been to Paris to bring you back a satchelful of skirt-length scandal. 'Bye, now!



Andrew Francis

FOR THE SIXTY- EIGHTH TIME



OXFORD beat Cambridge by one goal to nil, after a rattling good game.

That is all that needs to be said, now that all the professional error-spotters have gone away to sharpen their quill pens, about the first game in 1872. In 1873—and I pause here to remark (to the thousands of my admirers who are about to suggest that I am simply copying this out of the official programme and copying it out wrongly, what's more) that the official programme is inaccurate; with good temper and give-and-take on both sides we shall get along a great deal faster—In 1873, then, Oxford turned up with only thirteen men. They were given a substitute (I cannot tell by whom) and Cambridge reduced their playing-strength so that the game could be played fourteen a side. What of it? Nothing much, except that they were supposed to be playing twenty a side.

In the next match, in 1873 (yes, yes: there were two contests that year), both Universities introduced a three-quarter, reducing the half-backs to two, but maintained the customary three backs and fourteen forwards. In a drawn game all twenty-eight forwards played so well that it would be unfair to single out any dozen or two of them for special mention. . . .



1874 is remarkable only for the fact that Oxford, with a touch of conservatism, dropped their three-quarter and scored two tries to nil. Result—since no match could be won unless a goal was kicked—a draw. Monstrous. But in 1875, if any reader is still with me, the guillotine fell. Teams were slashed to fifteen, and a mere sprinkling of ten forwards took the field, supported by two halves, one three-quarter and two backs. The win-by-a-goal-only rule went by the



board, and Oxford, who may be supposed to have agitated for its removal, celebrated the change by winning by a try to nothing. Many hundreds of Cambridge men, one fears, must have left Kennington Oval that bitter December day protesting that under the proper rules the result would have been a draw. Unsporting.

After two years the ten forwards became nine, admitting two three-quarters, and in 1883 another three-quarter was added at the expense of one of the two backs. H. B. Tristram, I see, was up at Oxford in that year, and it may have been felt, from all one hears, that to give him an assistant-back would be verging on the ridiculous. Cambridge concurred, and all went smoothly until 1893, when both

sides plundered their packs to produce a fourth three-quarter.

Since then neither side has had an idea worth mentioning.

Fifty-six years have gone by and I am sitting aloft in the East Stand at Twickenham, ruminating on the spectacle of fifty-nine thousand people taking a Tuesday afternoon off. If it be objected—and some of my readers are as sharp as needles—that I cannot at this stage know the exact size of the gate, I reply that I estimate the crowd at about sixty thousand, and a thousand one way or the other makes precious little difference to my ruminations. In any case, I am struck dumb, as I gaze around, at the thought of all the work that is being left undone this day—the letters left unsigned, the briefs unread, the shares unsold, the stocks unbroken, the children unbaptized, the prep. unset, the anti-nationalization advertisements undrafted. For this match, above all other matches, is the great annual moot of the middle classes, those middle classes whom the Lord President of the Council is said to be so anxious to woo. Well, now's his chance. Here we all are, Hawks Club ties and everything, and a loud-speaker system laid on . . .

Will all those now sitting in the East Stand please go at once to the bar at the back of the stand, where Mr. Herbert Morrison is waiting to woo them.

But no. The oracles are dumb.

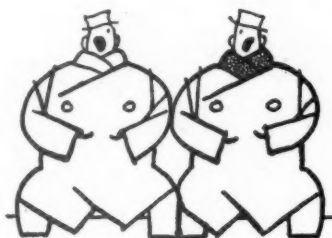
I ruminate on the peculiar view of the game one gets from these altitudes. The players are dehumanized. Watching from the touch-line at a small club or school game, with a sagging rope caressing one's knees, one hears the grunts,



the laboured breathing, the thud of feet on the turf, the smack of flesh and bone as two packs rush violently together (despite the provisions of Law 15 (d) *Note*); it is possible, at any rate when play is on one's own side of the field, to see exactly how a cut-through is achieved, why a tackle is missed. Up here, though the game is much clearer in plan and the development of movements easier to see and foresee, one is apt to forget that the men are not tireless automatons, to demand, with imprecations, that this or that centre should start an attack from his own twenty-five, unmindful of the series of superhuman tackles he has just brought off in defence. The finer shades of skill, too, have often to be guessed at. When Cannell, with two men closing in to destroy him, is observed to press steadily on and lo! his two opponents are suddenly seen to be running parallel with him in the same direction, one is aware only that the break-through has been achieved. From ground level it might have been possible to see that it was brought off by the use of that sharpest weapon in a centre's armoury, the smooth, almost undetectable change of pace. The astonishing Van Ryneveld, of course, has more consideration for the spectators in Block X. There is nothing smooth or undetectable about *his* running. Like some unhinged clothes-horse he stamperes this way and that, hitting the ground such a sequence of blows with his disjointed feet that it speeds away behind him in terror.

I had hoped to give you a scrum-by-scrum commentary on this game, but the jottings on my programme are not as helpful as I could have wished. There is a note about the bad Oxford handling right at the

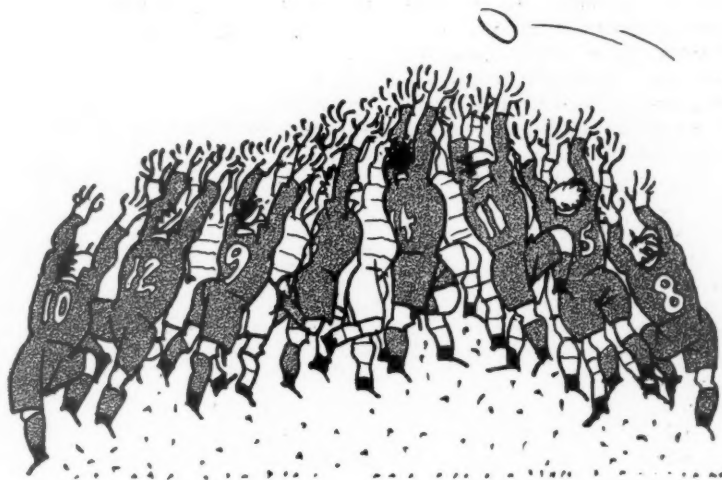
start, Small, the Oxford wing forward, gets a kindly word of praise ("Small—good," it reads), I have attributed to Langley (apparently in error) the sliced drop kick that led to Oxford's solitary and extremely lucky try, and there is an angry complaint against Cannell's name about too many short kicks ahead. (I suppose the plan was to drive back the close-marking Cambridge backs. If so, it didn't work.) Being unbiased, I have also made a note or two about Cambridge players. There is, for instance, the word "Offside!" against the name of one of the forwards and a cryptic



"Penalties—despair," which I take to mean that the attempt by Cambridge to kick penalty goals from the halfway line, instead of using the opportunity for a high punt upfield, indicated a lack of confidence in their ability to push home an attack and was psychologically wrong. I think this a good note to have made in the heat of the moment and I shall let it stand.

The Cambridge pack played

admirably, shoved powerfully, and were almost as good as Oxford in the line-out, which is saying a lot. The covering of their wing forwards, and of Glyn Davies, who did as much work as any man, must have been first-class, or one of the many breaks by the Oxford centres and scrum-half in the last half hour must have succeeded. What else? The positioning and kicking of Hofmeyr were the best seen at Twickenham for many a long day. His sole discernible mistake, when a long lofted kick went into mid-field instead of to touch, was eminently worth while, for without it we should not have had the superb last-minute (well, last three minutes) run by the Cambridge centre, Smith. Hundreds of gifted pens have already given full descriptions of this tremendous effort, in each case stating the facts differently. Indeed, it has sometimes seemed to me, reading them, that I was the only person on the field who saw exactly what occurred. But I am afraid I cannot be bothered to go into all that now. H. F. ELLIS



AT THE PICTURES

The Spider and the Fly—Les Maudits

THE simplicity—it might be called the naïvety—in the story of *The Spider and the Fly* (Director: ROBERT HAMER) is counteracted by back-dating. The situation of a "gentleman cracksmen" and a police chief who conduct their operations on a basis of mutual respect and friendship becomes for some reason easier to accept when the scene is Paris in 1913. These circumstances, too, justify a great deal of what is sometimes described as "fencing" dialogue: faintly rhetorical, mildly facetious, "rallying" speeches delivered with significant or quizzical looks. I don't think they justify the noticeably long pauses at the end of each brief remark in which the other speaker may be supposed to be not so much thinking of a reply as making sure the audience gets the point; but that's a detail. All the same, the more I think about the film the more odd it seems that I should have found it entertaining. The idea of crime as a sport played politely by opponents on either side of the law, and the figure of the gentleman cracksmen himself, are very familiar, and mere back-dating cannot be counted on to make them interesting; moreover there is no attempt here to give them any real individuality—one thinks of them as types, not real people. The picture holds one's attention because of the competent acting of these two important principals (ERIC PORTMAN and—in his first big film part—GUY ROLFE), because of the obvious but none the less amusing period details

(1913 cars drive up to gates at every opportunity) and because of one or two well-managed scenes of excitement and suspense.

Les Maudits (Director: RENÉ CLÉMENT) is not a top-flight French film; its London run began two or

have the strange wish to get fresh and credible settings, interesting dialogue, pleasing pictorial design and something like depth of characterization into a minor work, the sole object of which is to entertain. When one finds these qualities in such a minor work one ought to say so, for every occasion on which they pass unnoticed is used by quickie-makers as evidence that they are unnecessary luxuries and that

just as many two-and-nines will roll in if they aren't there. Well, it is the presence of these qualities that makes *Les Maudits* throughout satisfying to watch, apart from the plain what-happened-then of the narrative. It deals with the last days of the war in Europe, and most of the action passes on board a U-boat in which two or three top Nazis and col-

laborators are escaping to South America. They kidnap a French doctor, who tells the story. It's a sound, skilful, interesting film.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There are two good revivals in London: the Danish classic *Day of Wrath* (18/12/46), and—not in the same class, but in many ways remarkable—*The Red Shoes* (4/8/48). *The Search* (16/11/49) is still at the Ritz, and don't overlook *Pinky* (7/12/49).

New releases are not very striking, though *The Great Sinner* (30/11/49) has points. Earlier releases worth remembering are *Good Sam* (6/7/49), sentimental but funny; *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (6/7/49), unsentimental and witty; and *Conspirator* (10/8/49), which, though sometimes absurd, is an entertaining thriller and interesting technically.

RICHARD MALLETT



[*The Spider and the Fly*]

Monsieur Raffles

Philippe de Ledocq—GUY ROLFE; M. Le Ministre—EDWARD CHAPMAN
Fernand Maubert—ERIC PORTMAN

three weeks ago, and it will have gone by the time these words appear. But it's so incomparably better than this week's other new picture that to write about that instead would be ridiculous. *Les Maudits* is what, from almost any other country than France, would be a routine thriller; many of its personages are basically well-known types. Only the French, it seems,



[*Les Maudits*]

Dagger-happy

Herr Forster—JO DEST
Willy Morus—MICHEL AUCLAIR

THE POET WELCOMES HIS AMERICAN IN-LAWS

MY American in-laws are in the *Queen Elizabeth*,
 Heading for the Continent of Yurp.
 It's their first time over, and I hope their English
 relative
 Won't seem to them a long-haired twerp.

For the last eight years they've been sending over
 parcels,
 Filling up our larder shelves.
 What kind of thanks can we show them in a week-end
 Now they are coming themselves?

Boil up a ham? They're pretty sure to bring us one.
 Wheel on the Scotch? They may
 Bring us in a bottle of it all the way from Edinburgh-
 Export-to-U.S.A.

What shall we offer them, their first time in England?
 An evening round an open fire?
 A show? Something British? Danny Kaye at the
 Collodium?
A Streetcar Named Desire?

Their travel-agent's scheduled them a fabulous itinerary
 With England, Scotland and all that
 "Done" at the double in a high-powered Daimler
 In eight and a half days flat.

Nipping from the Trossachs to Ann Hathaway's
 Cottage,
 The Tate to the Cheddar Gorge,
 Ayot St. Lawrence to the Heart of Midlothian.
 Poor Carlotta and George!

And two days in Paris, three in Monte Carlo,
 One each for Florence, Rome,
 Capri, Venice, Geneva and Arosa . . .
 Then Northolt (England) for home!

And we here, their only Yurpean relatives,
 Have "Fri. thru Sun.," no more,
 To try to say thank-you for all their generosity
 During and since the war.

Shall we stage a cricket match, shall we hire a
 fox-hunt?

Shall we go to *Brigadoon*,
Annie, Oklahoma, Death of a Salesman?
 We've got to start booking soon.

Or shall we chew the rag round an olde Englysshe
 fireside,
 A wet dog steaming at our feet,
 With Church on Sunday morning for an olde Englysshe
 service,
 And olde Englysshe lunch (roast meat),

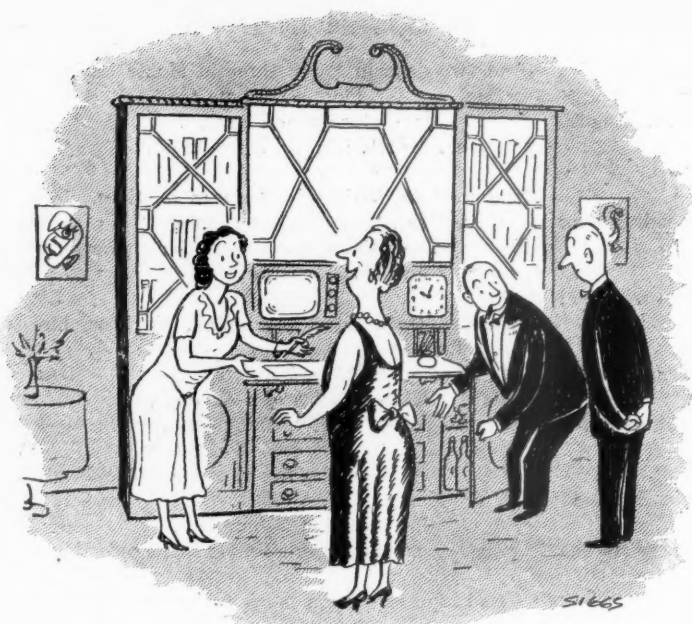
Followed by a snooze, or a wet walk (optional),
 Tea (olde Englysshe bread),
 A pint at the pub and cold Sunday supper
 And (rather early) olde Englysshe bed?

* * * * *

Come along, George . . . and welcome, Carlotta!
 The days will go all too fast.
 But your sister and her Limey husband are delighted
 To have you at long, long last!



"Why don't you wait for the little Atom Bomb Booklet? Your preparation may be all wrong."



"Now that's something like a television set."

GHOST STORY

THE Earl and Countess of Upland, together with the dark Duke and Duchess of Almodóvar, were sitting in the Black Room of Upland Castle. For a long time no word had passed between them. They were listening tensely, for the gloom of the great apartment was pregnant with the echo of far-off voices—voices that seemed to come from another world.

Time passed, and that silence which was not a silence grew heavier with foreboding. The Earl and his lady remained quiet and calm, for as permanent residents of the castle they had undergone such an experience many times before. Not so their excitable Latin guests. The Duchess was sick with apprehension, and the Duke was wishing himself anywhere but where he was.

At last the Duke could stand it no longer.

"At what hour—?" he began.

He broke off, as though alarmed at the sound of his own voice.

The Earl roused himself from dark thoughts.

"Precisely at twelve o'clock," he said. "Never a minute before

and never a minute after that hour. On the ultimate stroke of twelve the doors of the Great Hall grind open—"

With a fine sense of the dramatic the Earl broke off. Then all was still and silent again, save for the voices which came crowding back—soft, evilly insistent.

A little later the Duchess, very pale, asked tremulously:

"What—then?"

"Then," said the Earl, "there comes a heavy tramping, usually accompanied by hideous, cackling voices. The tramping and the voices come nearer and nearer, mounting the stairs—"

The Duke leaned forward.

"And then?" he asked, not quite steadily.

"Then the fiends come swarming in."

"Into this room?"

"Into this room."

Again, as the Earl finished speaking, there was a silence that was not a silence, until the Duchess asked, in a voice scarcely louder than the room's soft sibilations:

"What—like are they?"

The Countess shuddered.

"They are unspeakable!" she said. "It is not possible to describe them! They are hideous, revoltingly hideous! I—"

She broke off abruptly.

No one spoke after that. The minutes slipped by. The fatal hour drew inexorably nearer. It was upon them, and the distinguished company in the Black Room tensed as the iron-tongued bell in the Great Tower clanged out the first stroke of twelve.

Ten . . . eleven . . . twelve.

And as the reverberations of the twelfth stroke died into silence they heard the doors of the Great Hall grind open . . .

Silence for some dreadful moments. Then there sounded a heavy tramping. A hideous, cackling laugh burst upon the stillness. And, hard upon that laugh, there came a harsh, menacing voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen! I must hark you to wait for the guide . . ."

SCHERZO

HOW noble 'tis to hear a Menuhin Drawing great Music from his violin,

Music that even Orpheus must confess

Transcends his lute in utter loveliness.

Yet—

it must give us pause

To think the cause

Of these euphonious and delicious tones

That melt our hearts and liquefy our bones

Is but the vibrant air

Bestirred to motion as the artist slides

A length of horse's hair

Across a cat's insides!

I wonder by what alchemy we hear Beauty begot from such peculiar sources;

The more I think on it the more 'tis queer—

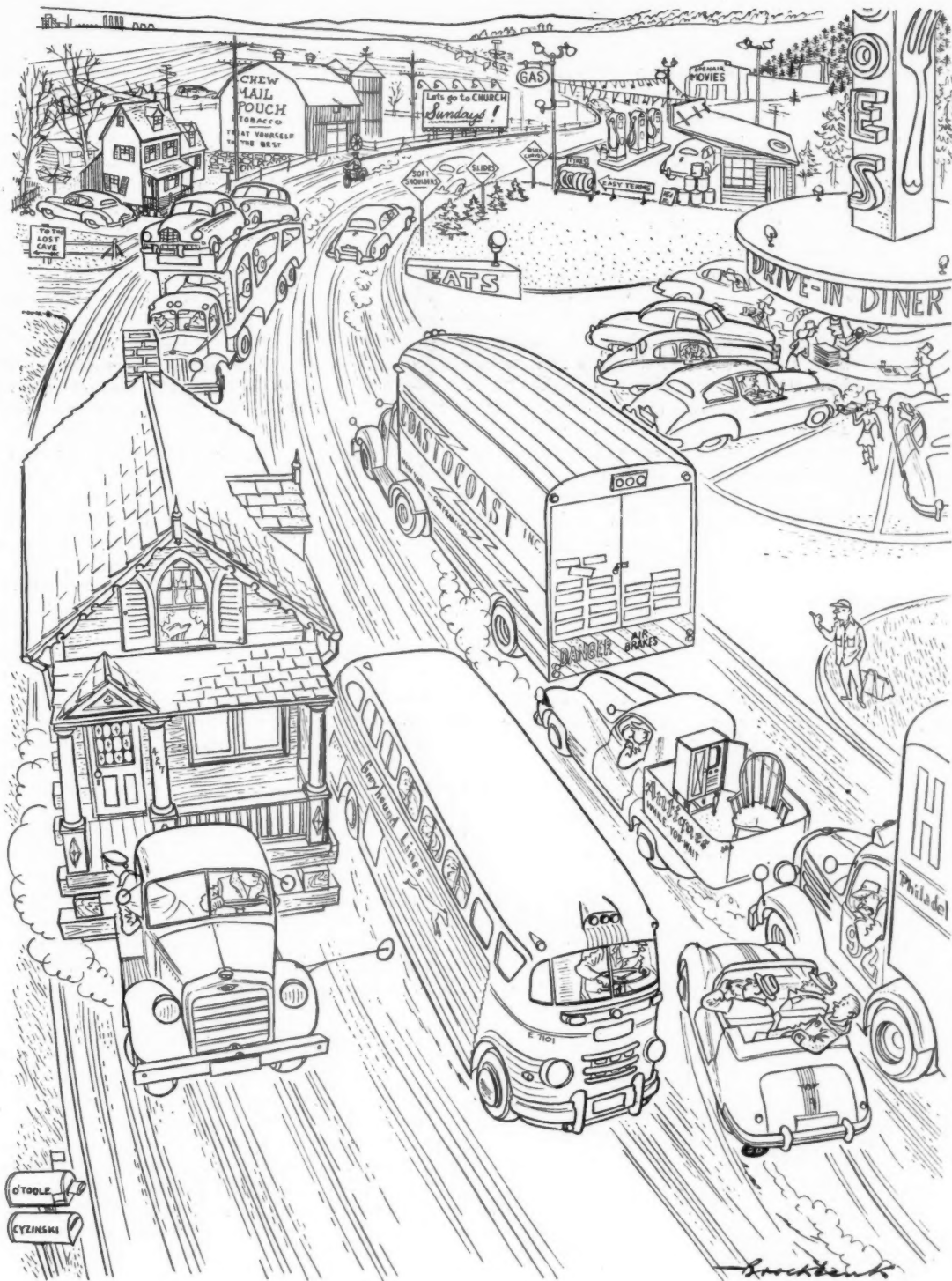
A Bach Chaconne

Evoked

By Cats

and

Horses!



THE AMERICAN SCENE

The Open Road

667

ANNUS MIRABILIS

TO be born in 1910 was to begin life in a blaze of honour. It was a year that cast an effulgence over its vintage that no succession of leaner years can reduce. When one mixes with those born at other times, as who can avoid doing now and then, one notices the difference at once. Not only is there the lack of quality but there is an inappropriateness to modern life. Those dating from before 1910 have a certain hardening; one feels that they are, if not old, at least ageing. To be born later is to lack experience and, hence, judgment—to be still rather unprepared. The 1910 generation have a balance between the impotent knowledge of age and the ignorant potency of youth: long may they retain it. The year which saw them first upon this earth was one so remarkable that it is no surprise to find its uniqueness extending to its children.

Amid the frou-frou of skirts and motoring veils the *Encyclopædia Britannica* attained its Eleventh Edition, free from the errors of hot youth and gelid age. Rotten Row was the meeting place of all that was best among man and horse, and the Theological Department of King's College was added to London University.



"Of course, they'll be even better this time next year when they put the lenses in."

Society maintained a chiselled exclusiveness, and the ancient moat of Hampton Court was excavated and restored. One could have bought hot from the Press *Clayhanger*, *Howard's End* or the first number of *The Dancing Times*. Universal suffrage was introduced in Monaco and Dr. Vaughan Williams composed his "Sea Symphony." Mr. Churchill was Home Secretary, General Botha Prime Minister of Transvaal and Dr. Crippen prominent in other fields. What a year!

The *Everyman Dictionary of Dates*, which is merely one of the authorities I have consulted in preparing this celebration of 1910, is an impartial work. I have read it from cover to cover and I know. It is not the kind of book to favour one year at the expense of another or to steer opinion by printing the figures 1910 in bold type. But reading between the lines—a useful remedy for eyestrain, by the way—one can distinguish what the compiler really feels. One senses a kind of excitement when yet another success is chalked up. It is true that there are other dates presenting attractions, but none, surely, with such a bevy, such a constellation. My allegiance momentarily wavered towards 1299, when the Dean of St. Paul's placed a ban on all those who searched for gold in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; but one swallow does not make a summer. In 1910 we should have regarded such an event as a mere appetizer, perhaps remarking that it was an odd thing for Dr. Gregory to do. It cannot compare with a protocol defining the boundaries of Uganda or the addition of four Halls to Newnham.

Two General Elections in a year that also included the opening of the "Little Theatre" give evidence of a vitality well above the average. One could not have cavilled, if indeed one knew how so to do, had the Licensing Consolidation Act been postponed to less crowded times. The Revolution in Portugal, the Chinese reconquest of Tibet and the Japanese annexation of Korea show that Britain was not the only area in which history moved. It is true that another of my sources says that in 1910 the International Sky Darkened, but that is almost as good as an eclipse, which is always reckoned a portent of the first water.

In more homely fields the year was one of achievement. The Public Office was removed from the General Post Office at St. Martin-le-Grand to King Edward Street. As this is an event picked out of the ruck by an eminent work of reference there is probably more to it than meets the eye. Anyway, I am proud of it, even if the explanation is something sinister. The enlargement of the Tate Gallery need arouse no such hesitation. Art is generally admitted to be a good thing, and here is clear proof that there was more of it than could be comfortably accommodated in a space that was sufficient for such philistine years as 1907. Paulhan's altitude record does not excite me personally, because records, physical or gramophone, are so fragile and impermanent; and three Royal Commissions,

while no doubt inspiring at the time, strike only a minor chord in these days of multiple investigation. The Fourth Pan-American Conference, the formation of the Union of South Africa and the appointment of Lord Hardinge as Viceroy of India were stronger meat, well nourishing for the year's babes.

I have already honestly reported a slight wavering of my loyalty and I must do so again. In 1933 in Andorra "a mild revolution occurred and the franchise was broadened." For a moment I envied those who first saw light in such a time. However, it was a mere flash in the pan, after all—not to be compared with the publication of the first volume of Russell and Whitehead's *Principia Mathematica* or the Webbs' *English Poor Law Policy* or the Moneypenny part of Moneypenny and Buckle. The 1910 crop can continue to look their rivals proudly in their abashed and undistinguished faces.

If there remain any lingering doubts of the validity of my thesis one final fact will set them at rest. 1910 saw the birth of at least four of the regular contributors to this periodical, and if you wait long enough you will be able to check this fact from the plaques.

R. G. G. PRICE



"I'm an Egyptologist; what's your racket?"

FRUMENTY

WHEN I was young, when I was young,
when I was a boy, in the North Countree,
my foster-mother Ann, of the crooked tongue
and the crab-apple smile, would say to me:

"December's coming, and Christmas, lad . . .
tha'd bes' tak' t' flail to t' barn, tha had,
and bray oor wheät for frumenty."

Rebellious, down to the barn I went.

Skim-milk ice made the puddles freeze;
the yard had a loose-box, mistal scent,
hay, chopped turnip, and midden-blent;
delicate, pale was the winter sky,
gentian-blue through the orchard trees.

A robin chirped on the pump's lead spout,
over and over his scales he ran:
I heard a boy in the distance shout,
and entered the dark barn, hating Ann.

The jointed flail was a clothyard long:
frail were my wrists, but my arms were strong,
heavy with grain was the pig's-eared sack;
with fury I brayed it, thwack on thwack.

Pounded and thumped and flailed and brayed,
mashing the gold grain, partridge-plump.
(Rembrandt shadows the sunshine made
over the threshing-floor.) Thump! Thump!

Down in the orchard a peacock screamed
(Ann kept peacocks. Ann was a Bates).
Dust-motes up to the old beams streamed
(Ann was Nemesis; Ann was the Fates).

Ann in the lamplight, darning socks . . .
simmered the frumenty seethed in milk . . .
harder her knuckles than thimble-knocks,
finer her hair than raw-spun silk.

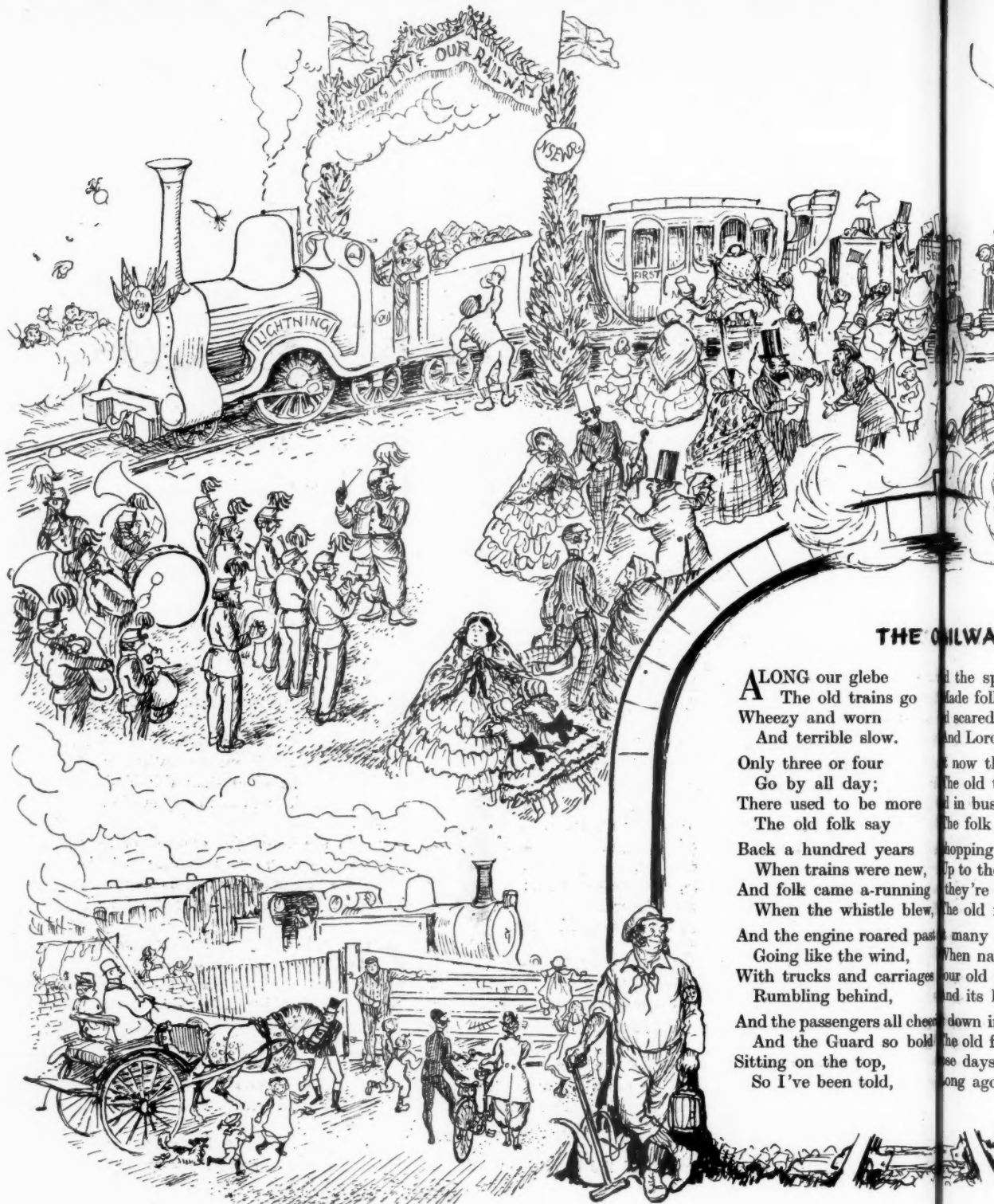
Ann in the lamplight, crooked of tongue . . .
straight-backed as a Chelsea pensioner . . .
into the pot were the raisins flung:
"Give it a stir, lad; give it a stir."

Frumenty? Frumenty? Frumentum!
Ploughing my Latin lexicon
years later, the root whence the word had come
for the porridge Ann made, I stumbled on.

Long years after, now I remember
her crab-apple smile, her bony hand:
Who makes frumenty now in December
with brayed wheat, raisins, and milk—that
grand

Roman porridge I and my brother
ate with our Roman foster-mother?
Ann Bates kept peacocks. I wondered why.
Now, I believe, I understand.

R. C. SCRIVEN



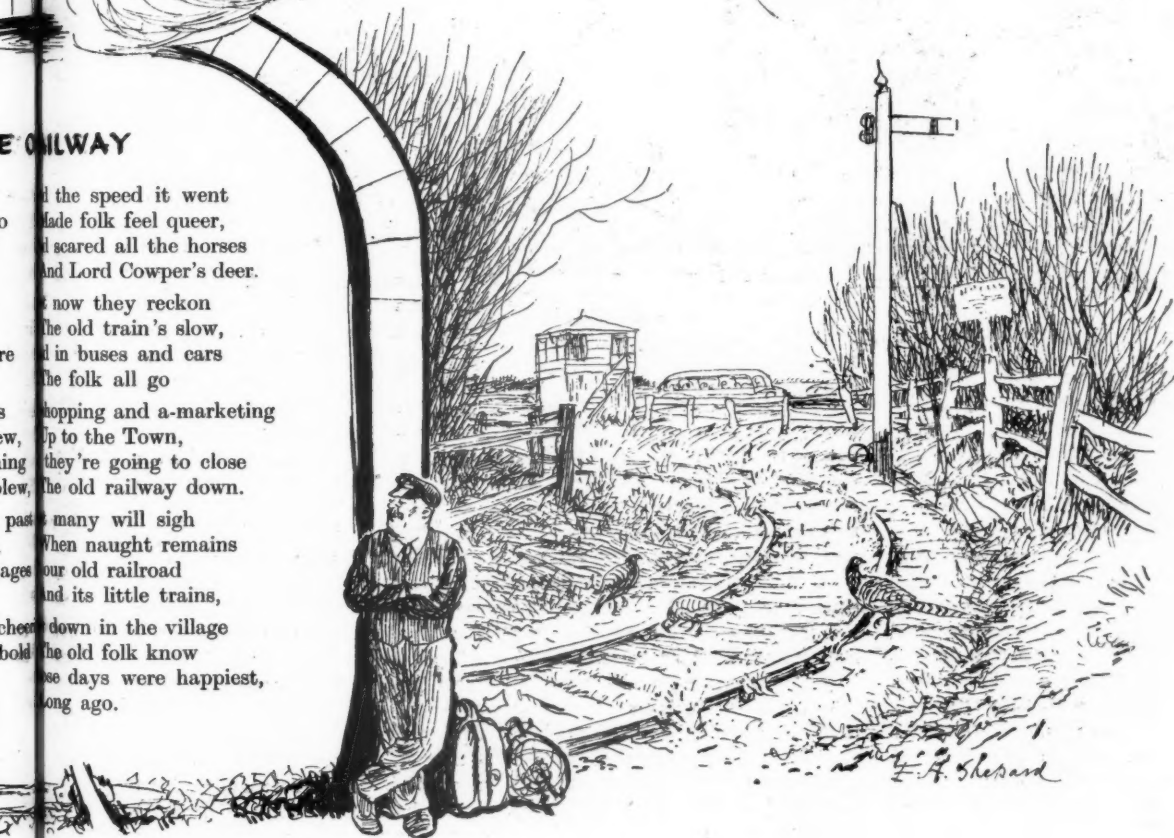
THE OLD RAILWAY

ALONG our glebe
The old trains go
Wheezy and worn
And terrible slow.
Only three or four
Go by all day;
There used to be more
The old folk say
Back a hundred years
When trains were new,
And folk came a-running
When the whistle blew,
And the engine roared past
Going like the wind,
With trucks and carriages
Rumbling behind,
And the passengers all cheer
And the Guard so bold
Sitting on the top,
So I've been told,



THE RAILWAY

And the speed it went
 Made folk feel queer,
 And scared all the horses
 And Lord Cowper's deer.
 Now they reckon
 The old train's slow,
 And in buses and cars
 The folk all go
 Shopping and a-marketing
 Up to the Town,
 They're going to close
 The old railway down.
 Many will sigh
 When naught remains
 Of our old railroad
 And its little trains,
 Down in the village
 The old folk know
 These days were happiest,
 Long ago.



LONGITUDE 0° 0'



THERE is no more ceremony when your tram crosses the Line than when it crosses Deptford Bridge. The prime meridian traverses Trafalgar Road, S.E.10, at about the corner of Trafalgar Grove; and nobody cares a hoot.

It is not umbrage over this, however, that has led the Royal Observatory to flit from its hilltop in Greenwich Park to more rural surroundings at Herstmonceux: it is the London murk and the interference from the Southern Electric. Much still remains, but the solar observation section has departed and the great ball no longer falls at one o'clock G.M.T., time having been distilled since 1939 at Abinger in Surrey. The rest, they expect, will be gone by 1953; meanwhile you

can still check your watch by the clock and your tape-measure by the standard yard that are set in the Observatory wall. The meridian of course will never go.

Actually it has been moved once since Harvey in 1779 defined it as the meridian passing through the Astronomer Royal's telescope. A later Astronomer Royal set up *his* telescope a few yards east; in his day it didn't matter, but with modern standards of accuracy a correction has to be made in all calculations involving readings with that false instrument.

The modern telescopes now used are a quarter of a mile farther east

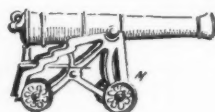
still. One of them is fixed to take observations only up and down the meridian, the other is free to scan the skies where it likes. It looks more like a lattice girder than a telescope, it will not telescope as a telescope should, and you cannot look through it. Instead, the light of the star observed dashes madly up and down its axis two or three times and is then split up by a spectroscope and photographed. A courteous astronomer, however, offered to show your Correspondent the planet Venus through the focusing telescope attached. Coordinates were found in a catalogue, a motor was switched on to rotate the instrument against the earth's movement, dials were set, tumbler-switches tumbled, lenses uncovered, your Correspondent mounted a ladder to the eyepiece—and there was Venus, looking just like a half-moon in the afternoon sky.

When the move is complete the old Observatory will probably become a museum, where the public may see instruments used by Flamsteed and Halley and visit the Octagon Room built in 1676 at Charles II's command. And wherever the Observatory may go, at Greenwich only will you be able to stand with a foot in each Hemisphere.

Look north along the Greenwich meridian from the Observatory, and you face the ugliest of all power-stations, but turn west a little, and

there below you are the most graceful buildings in London — Greenwich Palace, now the home of the Royal Naval College.

It occupies the site where in 1427 the "Good Duke Humphrey" built his palace of Placentia. There is a parlour-game called "curlicues," where you are given a pencil and a piece of paper bearing an amorphous squiggle, and have to make the squiggle into a drawing of something. Queen (William and) Mary set Wren a curlicue when she asked him to build here the naval pensioners' home she wanted as a thank-offering for the victory of La Hogue. The squiggle consisted of the "Queen's



House," erected by Inigo Jones for Henrietta Maria, and the "King's House," which was one wing of a palace projected by Charles II but not finished because the money ran out. Around these, intact, Wren was told to plan his design.

Considering that he had already drawn up plans calling for the removal of both these hazards, he solved the Queen's puzzle nicely, as you can see from the drawing Mr. Punch's Artist has done at the bottom of the page. True, Peter the Great thought the buildings "more suitable for royalty than for worn-out seamen," but the Queen and the worn-out seamen seem alike to have been satisfied.

In 1869 the naval pensioners were bought out with out-pensions and a few years later the Royal Naval College moved in.

This is the Navy's university, through which pass on a nine-months course all junior officers of the Executive and Paymaster branches and the Marines. Greenwich houses, also, several other courses—the senior officers' war course, for instance, leavening the mass of sub-lieutenants with an occasional admiral; the Naval Staff College; and the W.R.N.S. officers' training course, to whose presence are said to be due several new renderings of the college's motto *Tam Marte quam Minerva*. Your Correspondent asked to be shown some Wrens at work, and was hustled off to the applied mechanics laboratory to learn about fatigue in metals.

Under the guidance of one of the

civilian professors of the College he was then put through the nine-months course in ninety minutes. "Let's see something impressive," the professor would say, breezing into a room full of forbidding apparatus; and each successive department, having firmly denied that they had anything impressive, would produce a wind-tunnel, or a wavemeter for measuring ten thousand million cycles per second, or a cathode-ray tube which did *this* when you did *this* and *this* when you did *this* (your Correspondent does not expect to pass in this

subject). The escort professor's own subjects being English and history (which are the subjects the young officers learn most of), he was more at home in the library than the laboratory; the library, alas, was damaged when a bomb fell on King Charles Building—the King's House—but is now doing well.

The officers mess in the Painted Hall, an immense chamber painted all over the walls and ceilings with allegorical groups showing the Royal Family and other contemporary notables in various improbable costumes and unlikely circumstances. But whether or not you care to see "the unlovely figure of the First George, reclining in a clam shell, being trundled across the Grand Square in a chariot," this is a most magnificent chamber. On guest nights the ceilings are floodlit

by concealed lights, and the stewards wear the blue tail-coats and breeches of the old naval pensioners. Here in the Painted Hall Nelson lay in state before his burial at St. Paul's.

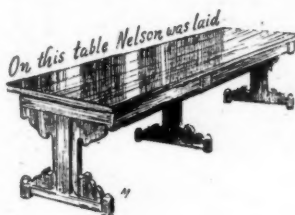
The painting is by Sir James Thornhill, who contracted for £1 per square yard for walls and £3 per square yard for ceilings. He took nineteen years and earned only £6,685; perhaps he was not very clever at arithmetic. . . .

"Put in something," said the Commander of the College, "about the public being admitted to the services in the chapel." There are services on Sundays at 8.30 and 11 o'clock; why the public should ignore them completely is a mystery. Your Correspondent suggested that perhaps they were all at Greenwich's Parish Church of St. Alphege, listening to the organ on which Tallis played for forty years. "Perhaps," the Commander agreed politely. Anyway, it is a most agreeable chapel, decorated by Benjamin West.

Your Correspondent had no time to visit the Queen's House, which now contains the National Maritime

Museum. Instead, he stood and gazed at it from the River Gates in the gathering twilight; on the hill beyond stood General Wolfe, a good deal larger than life, and behind him glowed the placid half-moon of the planet Venus. Or anyway it should have done.

Certainly there is nothing lovelier at Versailles. B. A. YOUNG





"Job-switch business started, I see . . ."

GERMAN LESSON

IN any discussion about the recrudescence of German nationalism it should be noted that Herr Professor Eitzen has just sent me a food parcel. The parcel contained four pounds of *Leberwurst*, every ounce a calculated sneer.

I have not seen Herr Professor Eitzen since 1931, when my kind parents sent me to stay with him in Heidelberg and learn German. From the moment I stepped off the train at Heidelberg and told the taxi-driver, in the limpid gutturals which I had been practising for two days on the train, to go to "Herr Professor Eitzen, Moltkestrasse sieben," the expedition was ill-starred. The man

gave a long, oafish stare at my cabin trunk, three suitcases and bag of golf-clubs, then drove about ten miles and halfway up a mountain to a Professor Weissmann's nudist camp. By the time he had ceased his insane laughter and we had driven all the way back through the town to Moltkestrasse I had not enough marks left to pay the fare. And so my first conversation with the professor was a desperate gesticulation for money.

Herr Professor Eitzen was short, stout and bald, with thick rimless glasses through which his eyes gleamed mercilessly. He did not smile easily (certainly not at taxi-

drivers) and he could speak no English. The only language we had in common was Latin, and he had much the most of it. Though he explained to me in rich Ciceronian prose how to use the geyser I never got a hot bath the whole time I was there.

The professor's method of giving a German lesson was to seal his study windows against the hot morning sun, light a large, powerful cigar and begin to recite German nouns in a steady, untroubled baritone. Very occasionally I got him to pause by means of a well-placed *quo?* or *quare?* By the end of a week I had, according to the professor, a

vocabulary of three thousand and eleven nouns and was all set for the verbs.

The first night I took off from learning lists of nouns I went to watch the fireworks and the *Schlossbeleuchtung*. It takes quite a lot of beer to watch a *Schlossbeleuchtung*, and I did not return to Moltkestrasse until after midnight. I found that the professor, doubtless thinking I was upstairs straightening out my genders, had locked and bolted the door of number seven.

Knocking and ringing produced no answer; nor did throwing stones at windows. The herr professor and his frau took their sleep seriously. But just when I had decided that the knobbly, neo-rustic garden bench was all I should get for a bed, I looked up and saw an open window just above me.

There is a point, one finds, during the act of climbing in at a window when no obstruction can be brooked. It comes when you have one knee on the sill and are just bringing the other up and over. Nothing can stop that second knee, certainly not a large bowl of gooseberry fool. It was the bowl of gooseberry fool smacking to the floor that first told me I was in the larder.

The Eitzens slept on. Not a murmur disturbed the silence after the crash. I moved swiftly across the room and turned the door knob quietly. The door was locked—from the outside of course.

I would have slept on the larder floor but for the apples. They covered most of the floor space and were the size of small footballs. By the time I had trodden on my third (you couldn't get at the larder light from inside) and had, in falling, cracked my head on the edge of the sauerkraut barrel, I decided to get out of the place.

Climbing out of a window is quite simple, though the job can be done more neatly when the sill is not cluttered up with great pots of red-currant jelly. However, I no longer expected to prise the Eitzens from the arms of Morpheus. I slid gently to the ground amid the cascading jam jars and turned, resignedly, for the garden-bench. It was just then

that I was grabbed from behind by a *polizoffizier*.

It may have been his shiny black helmet in the moonlight that upset my nerve. Yet I felt strangely calm as I addressed him. "*Libera me*," I said with dignity. "*In hoc ædificium ut dormiam intrare volo*." He looked at me, for no reason that I could fathom, oddly. "*Hoc domus meum*," I added with a winning smile.

For the rest of the night the Frenchman with whom I happened to share a cell in Heidelberg gaol explained to me at length that we were victims of the new German nationalism. For a drunk, I found him most convincing.

Herr Professor Eitzen came and rescued me about noon next day. I was prepared to be apologetic, but he started first and was the more distraught because he had spent the morning learning enough English to explain himself. "Sie poor laddie," he kept repeating. "Voss hongrery, yes?" his voice was anguished. "Mein pupils never before hongrery. Pleass, pleass, not to tell your

mutter." I tried terribly hard to explain. The trouble was that every time I opened my mouth nothing but French came out. The professor was quick to take this as a national insult.

In spite of the strained atmosphere when I returned to Moltkestrasse, the Eitzens did their best to feed me up. Schnitzels of great acreage overlapped my plate. Little englische snacks of rolls, cheese and pickles appeared in the middle of the German lesson. After a few days I retired to bed, and the doctor from next door, speaking—so far as I could make out—with a quite unprofessional lack of decorum, announced that I was a severe case of over-eating.

It was understandable that the professor should behave a little stiffly as he bade me farewell, but, after all, that was eighteen years ago. If he is still prepared to taunt me with four pounds of *Leberwurst* to-day nothing will ever keep the Germans down. I think a good case can be made for dismantling Moltkestrasse sieben.



"They say the better-known public schools are even harder to get into."

AT THE PLAY

The Philadelphia Story (DUCHESS)—*Bonaventure* (VAUDEVILLE)

IT is impossible to take seriously a play in which the heroine's mother, not intending to be funny, says to her daughter, who has changed her mind about her wedding when the guests are already assembled: "Never mind, dear. Your father will explain to them!"—or words to that effect. Unfortunately Mr. PHILIP BARRY's *The Philadelphia Story* seems to expect serious consideration, for there is a façade of sentimental solemnity behind which the play's lame comedy proceeds. The mixture of smart fooling and soulful brooding is distinctly uncomfortable. On one level we are shown the improbable antics of a rich American family of snobs, some of whom exchange identity for the greater confusion of two reporters planted by a fashionable magazine, while on another our deeper sympathy is invited for the instability that turns a spoilt girl into a temperamental jellyfish. With whom, if with anyone, a jellyfish, tiresomely drunk, spends the night before her wedding is a very small

matter, and when her first husband eagerly goes to the altar again in place of the retiring candidate, the funeral, we feel, is his.

Mr. BARRY, whose sudden death in New York will be regretted in the theatre, could shape a witty line, but this piece is yet another instance of an unjustified import from America. It is much better played than it deserves, though with a disturbing variety of accent. Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON, rapidly acquiring a drive and poise that should take her far, does wonders for the heroine. Miss MERIEL FORBES' reporter is delightfully subacid, Mr. WILFRID HYDE WHITE gives one of his superbly polished essays in futility (looking like a greyhound reared on Wodehouse), and Messrs. ROBERT BEATTY, HUGH SINCLAIR and ANTHONY FORWOOD bring a passing sparkle to a menagerie well drilled by Mr. HAROLD FRENCH.

Sleuthing in a convent is a promising idea, but Miss CHARLOTTE HASTINGS' method in *Bonaventure* is that of a novelist rather than a playwright. Her careful portrayal of the convent background is so leisurely that scarcely any tension develops until the excitements of the last act, which come too late; and

the elementary nature of the detection — elementary for these days in which bedside reading has schooled the least astute of us into a wary criminologist—is not offset by much depth in the drawing of character. The play meanders where it should attack, but it has the blessing of sincerity, and if Miss HASTINGS could learn to



[Philadelphia Story]

A Marriage is Arranged

Tracy Lord—MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON
Mike Connor—MR. ROBERT BEATTY

keep her plot in motion she would clearly have something for the theatre. The importance of good curtains she already understands.

A girl convicted of murder is stranded by floods on her way to the condemned cell, and her escort brings her to the convent, where *Sister Bonaventure* is inspired to prove her innocence. It has been a local murder, gossip is not wanting. The situation in itself is plausible, and the girl is saved.

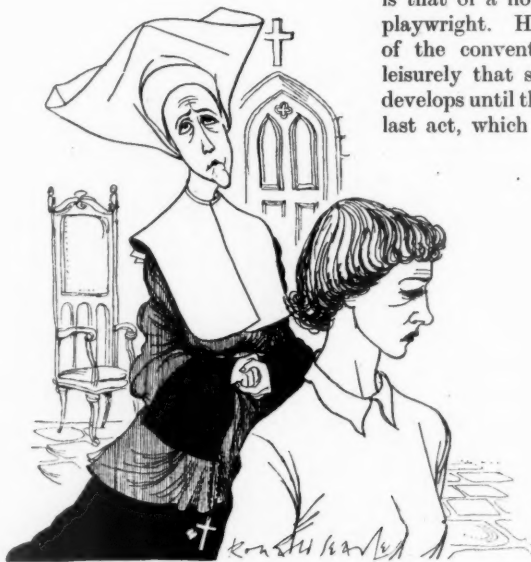
In *Sister Bonaventure* Miss FAY COMPTON finds material for a study of faith and intelligence that is beautifully observed and very nearly affecting; the suggestion of greatness that would have moved us is somehow lacking from the writing. The girl is played with considerable power by Miss MARY KERRIDGE; Miss DEIRDRE DOYLE and Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY are sound as the *Mother Superior* and the *Doctor*; and Miss NELL BALLANTYNE won my heart with the simple wisdom of a firm believer in good soup.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—*New*—A winner in the Old Vic repertory.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—*Phoenix*—First-rate American tragedy, with Paul Muni.



[Bonaventure]

Sister Sherlock

Sister Mary Bonaventure—MISS FAY COMPTON
Sarat Carn—MISS MARY KERRIDGE



"Salome"

IT is night. A full moon is shining on a valley of cheese. In a tent Herod, Herodias and their court are feasting and being dissolute—or so we understand; we cannot see them—while on the roof the skeletons of sundry lost umbrellas flap their melancholy limbs up and down in the moonlight. They are, we imagine, highly symbolic. *Narraboth*, the Captain of Herod's Bodyguard, is gazing wistfully through the tent door at *Salome*, who is, of course, feasting and being dissolute. It is very dark; and someone, somewhere, is singing in a cistern, but it is impossible to tell what he is singing about. Suddenly, at the door of the tent, beneath the sad symbolic umbrellas, there appears a flurry of crimson and blue which billows to the front of the stage. When it has settled a bit we see, in the middle of it, *Salome*, who wants to know who that is singing in the cistern. She is told that it is *Jokanaan*, and that he is singing because he disapproves of dissolute people in general and of her mother, *Herodias*, in particular. *Salome's* curiosity is piqued, and she demands that he come out of the cistern. He does so, but will not so much as look at her; and, after being rather pointedly rude about dissolute people, he goes back again to sing some more.

Herod and *Herodias* come out of the tent. She walks about inside a Punch-and-Judy show; her face is where the Punch-and-Judy part usually is. He wears a hat whose symbolism we triumphantly recognize. It is a beer-opener. *Narraboth* meanwhile has committed suicide—and no wonder; but if he had waited a bit longer he could have helped *Salome* with the hooks of her

AT THE OPERA

Salome—*Boris Godunov*
(COVENT GARDEN)

dress when she danced. Those Seven Veils just wouldn't come off . . . Besides, he would have enjoyed seeing the peacock's tail, the very symbolic blue lights, and *Herod* throwing himself pettishly into a crate of ripe tomatoes when *Salome* insisted on having *Jokanaan's* head as a prize. Why, even the moon never budged for two whole hours.

What seems to emerge from this production of *Salome* is that neither PETER BROOK, the producer, nor SALVADOR DALI, the designer, has paid much attention to the score. We found ourselves wishing that they had not bothered about any scenery or costumes either, but had just left Strauss's music to fill our minds with its own rich imagery and let our imaginations do the rest. To fill the stage with irrelevant "effects" and consciously *outré* costumes in the attempt to create a sensation is to call down on the heads of the perpetrators the subtle revenge that music will take—that of making them look silly; and it hampers the singers in their already difficult task. LJUBA WELITSCH, who is a very accomplished artist, and whose *Salome* we already knew and admired, did the only thing possible in this production—she ignored her surroundings as far as she could and gave a memorable performance in spite of them. So did KENNETH SCHON, whose *Jokanaan* was dignified, sonorous and impressive. The other characters, for reasons linguistic or sartorial, were less good; the orchestra under KARL RANKL excelled itself.

BORIS CRISTOFF, who has come to Covent Garden as a guest to sing the rôle of *Boris Godunov*, has not been obliged to compete for our attention with umbrellas or Punch-and-Judy but merely with a huge swinging clock pendulum in his mad scene and with an elysium of elongated and gilded saints and glaring eyes on sliding doors as a background to his death agonies. He gripped our attention from the



"Boris Godunov"

first moment he appeared wearing a magnificent pearl-embroidered robe. He may or may not be another Chaliapin, as some say he is, but he has a voice of many shades of dark tone which he uses with great artistry, and he is a very fine actor. He has, too, an impressive stage presence and the power to hold his audience spellbound. He perhaps over-estimates the value of understatement. A great deal of *Boris's* death scene he sang as if to himself; and while this conveys quite wonderfully the suggestion of a guilty soul in torment calling in agony from the farthest depths of hell, whether it can be heard at the back of the stalls is doubtful. But it was a thrilling performance.

D. C. B.

MONSTROSITY

THE dictionary says that he
Plays leading parts in Tragedy
(Like Hamlet, Lear or (Edipus).
Not so our nation's Press, who thus
Describe flat-earthists, those who
hold

That playwrights should be State-
controlled,

Supporters of the groundnuts
scheme,

The crowds that cheer a football
team,

A film star's fans, and Mrs. Hayes
Whom Slippol Soothed in Seven
Days.

In short, this is the word they use
For any person who has Views.

And this is one good reason why
I'm glad I've shunned the public's
eye

And that I am, by Nature's twist,
A silent deuteragonist.



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, December 5th

Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the Attorney-General, had, it was plain, something of importance to communicate to the House, and a swift glance at the Question-paper supplied the necessary clue. So when he rose to answer questions about the effect on a Parliamentary candidate's election expenses of the intervention (against nationalization) of "Mr. Cube" and other imaginary gentlemen of the same way of thinking, everybody shushed everybody else and craned forward to hear every word.

The Attorney announced that he spoke not as a politician but as a Law officer, and he ruled that it was at least open to question whether the cost of anti-nationalization campaigns and suchlike should not be added to a candidate's legal expenses. He said it was not proposed—"at present"—to alter the law on the subject, but implied that the existing law was strong enough to deal with it. However, he added, while Members on both sides looked suitably impressed, he had consulted the Director of Public Prosecutions. But . . . (artistic pause) . . . he did not propose at present to direct any proceedings. The question would have to be considered in the light of the effect likely to be produced "if and when an election occurs."

A lot of questions followed, many of them designed to get a ruling as to whether gifts from the Co-operative Movement and from Trade Union funds came under the same rule. The ruling on this was less clear, but it appears not.

The House displayed its versatility by dealing with Indian citizenship affairs, child adoption, the rearing of calves, and other topics equally diverse.

"Score" of the day went to Mr. WILSON HARRIS (whose well-nigh inaudible delivery doubtless wastes many bright comments) when the

Minister of Works was asked to provide better lighting for those waiting for seats in the public galleries so that they might read their newspapers. Mr. HARRIS asked, with deep gravity, that nothing should be done to facilitate the study of the "most prostituted Press in the world." Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, original author of that description, was not present, but the quotation was recognized and suitably applauded. Discretion being



Impressions of Parliamentarians

100. Sir Hartley Shawcross
Attorney-General
(St. Helens)

the better part of *Hansard*, the Works Minister did not reply.

Tuesday, December 6th

Surprising results followed an innocent question in the Commons to-day from Mr.

House of Commons: FREDERICK
Dollars and Age SKINNARD, who

sits as a Labour Member for Harrow. He had put down a question implying that a travel agency firm with an office in New York was selling pounds sterling at ten cents or so less than the official exchange rate—which he claimed was "economic sabotage" or something.

Sir STAFFORD replied, in the severely official tone he reserves for the more heinous conduct of private enterprise, that he was investigating the matter. And Mr. SKINNARD and his friends looked satisfied that yet another dreadful aspect of the capitalist system was to be exposed to public condemnation.

But then a Conservative Member rose and asked innocently whether the firm in question was not now part of the nationalized and Government-controlled British Railways. Sir STAFFORD replied, without undue emphasis, in the affirmative. And, while the Opposition laughed, Mr. SKINNARD and others sat in silent contemplation of the carpet.

Last week young Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was congratulated by the entire House on attaining his seventy-fifth birthday, and to-day's business was largely concerned with the ability of those who had reached that age to sit as Justices of the Peace. The Government's view, as expressed in a Bill, was that seventy-five was too old. But there were other views.

That of Mr. GEORGE WALKER, for instance. He (like a famous namesake) is still going strong as Labour Member for Rossendale, and he wants to remain a J.P. But he is more than seventy-five, and he put up a fight for his seat on the bench. He could, he said, read the smallest type, although he had never worn spectacles. He could hear the ticking of the smallest watch and had (this evidence he tendered with the air of one who clinches the case) never learned to play the old man's game of bowls.

But Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, who is, as he put it, a "callow youth" of forty-seven, resisted on behalf of the Government; and even the thought (conjured up by one of his critics) that he himself might be a learned judge at the age of seventy-five did not shake him.

Wednesday, December 7th

Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the moment Questions ended, rose and said his statement on Monday about propaganda and election expenses had led to public misconception. He complained that

House of Lords:
Meat on the Menu
House of Commons:
A Little More Sugar



"The trouble nowadays is that there's no longer any pride in workmanship."

his office had been libelled and publicity given to a complete misconception of the law in leading articles in one section of the Press. The electoral law, he explained, is concerned, not with the manner or extent of donations to political funds but with the way those funds are subsequently spent on propaganda calculated to influence an election.

And, said Mr. Attorney, there was no hard and fast date from which expenses "counted." It might be that one politician, astutely foreseeing an election, might begin his campaign early, and have to return all expenses incurred from now on.

Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE conducted a searching cross-examination of his former chambers-mate, designed to make clearer the precise legal position. It was far too technical and learned for most of the House to follow, but Mr. OLIVER STANLEY and Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT asked a couple of questions all could follow. One was whether a

candidate given the unbidden aid of outside propagandists could disown it and thus avoid illegality. The answer was "Yes." The second was whether an industry threatened with nationalization was allowed to defend itself. The answer was not very clear. Sir HARTLEY suggested that those concerned should take some other counsel's opinion.

Earlier, Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, Defence Minister, had announced that after the coming election Service officers and men will have to resign or be discharged if they wish to sit as Members of Parliament. The wartime relaxation of the old rule—allowing serving members of the Forces to be M.P.s—is to be brought to an end as being no longer appropriate.

Their Lordships were listening to a thrilling account of large-scale cattle-breeding in the Highlands of Scotland by Lord LOVAT, who seems to find as much adventure in peace as he did in war. Lord HUNTINGDON, Government spokesman, paid warm tribute to the efforts of one who,

adapting the old phrase, had found there was meat in them thar hills.

Thursday, December 8th

When Mr. KEELING asked in the Commons to-day whether Mr. MORRISON would

House of Commons:
Mr. Morrison Makes
No Comment

give an assurance that Parliament would not be dissolved before the date announced for the post-Christmas reassembly, January 25th, Mr. M. did not reply. Which made the cynical inclined to be suspicious about the imminence of a General Election.

The reading of the list of business for next week did not lessen the belief that an appeal to the country is not far off, for it contained a choice selection of items of obvious propaganda value: nutrition, the source of Party funds and so on.

To-day's debate, on Ministerial interference with the findings of judicial inquiries, could not be regarded as first-class propaganda for the Government. But it drew, and held, a big "House."

A GLOSSARY OF ECONOMIC SLANG

From an utterly irresponsible correspondent

SOME time ago *The Times* published a glossary of financial and economic terms "in common use"—terms such as "bilateralism," "convertibility," "off-shore purchases," "disinflation" and so on. It was a most useful compilation, enabling journalists, politicians and broadcasters to understand their scripts better than ever before. But to claim that such terms are "in common use" is misleading, to say the least. I tried the glossary out the other day on some boon business associates of mine and received no response whatever. It was sheer Hellenic to them.

No, for most people "hard currency" is still only a genteelism for "hard cash" and the various 'flations are but enigmatic variations on an unpleasant and obscure theme. If the ordinary man can be said to have an economic vocabulary at all it consists of nothing but slang, the terms used by the professional economists when they step down from their pedestals and address the multitude. I believe that this slang is just as difficult to master, and just as misleading, as the real thing, and I therefore make no apology, etc., etc. . . .

Welfare State. A term clear enough to the professional middle classes but hopelessly vague to all other strata. Of four people invited to supply a definition, two said "Isn't it one of those skyscrapers in New York?" Another said "Sort of la-di-da, I should say," and the fourth said "Search me!" The word "Welfare" is seldom used in ordinary speech except in the title Welfare Officer; and since a welfare officer is someone who collects the weekly subscriptions for the sports club and spends most of his time in the canteen the real significance of the word has become somewhat clouded. And as for "State"—well, that's nothing to do with us. Britain is a country, part of a United Kingdom, a green and unsinkable aircraft carrier and so on, but not a state. States are United or Federated Malay . . . even Russian (as in "United States of Soviet Russia"); they are never British.

So instead of "Welfare State" why can't we call it "Weighted Egalitarianism" or something?

National Cake. This term is of course the scholar's euphemism for "national income." It enables the

economist to expatiate happily over the various theories of "distribution" without mixing too many metaphors (words like ingredients, slices, portions, icing, filling, etc., lie ready on the tip of his tongue), without having to understand transfer payments and other national book-keeping horrors, and without losing the homely avuncular imagery beloved of all "popularizers."

But the term is nevertheless deceptive. It conjures up a picture not of a national income but of a cake, and cake is something that people don't worry about too much. They'd rather hear that pork is coming back. Moreover the term is always being confused, quite naturally, with the "National Loaf," national this and national that.

What kind of a cake is this anyway? In their dull statistical mind's eye the professionals see it as a *circular* cake, for the simple reason that they want to divide it up accurately into things called degrees, segments and percentages. But round cakes (all *right*, cylindrical) are not the only cakes on the market by any means, and it's a little difficult, if you happen to have a hunk of slab-cake in mind, to follow an argument built on the geometry of the circle.

Let's drop "National Cake" for good, shall we, and switch over to old Schumpenfelt's definition—*Net National Outlay plus Net Receipts from Extra-Littoral Assets*. It's a piece of cake.

Full Employment (See *Moderate Degree of Unemployment*).

Goods. This useful word has been greatly abused by slangy economists in recent years. It is of course an abbreviation of the General Office Of Demand Schedules, a department of the Board of Trade. G.O.O.D.S. or "goods" is now widely used on its own—that is, without the original qualifications "producers" and consumers" which were subsequently shortened to "producer" and "consumer." The Americans, it should be observed, avoid the word altogether and use "merchandise." Nobody understands "goods," but it has become so much part of the language that we'd better leave it in. **BERNARD HOLLOWOOD**



"What's our sign for 'Good for a cup of weak tea with powdered milk and no sugar'?"

BOOKING OFFICE

Proust and Freud

PROFESSOR GREEN'S *The Mind of Proust* comes at the right time, after the inevitable slump in Proust's reputation and when his work is far enough away to be treated as a classic. It is a full and helpful discussion of "A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu," a steady progression through the text, with little reference to Proust's life. Almost the only outside illumination comes from Bergson, whom Professor Green quotes widely to show both Proust's debt to the philosopher and his departures from Bergsonian doctrine. Reading this solid, sensible volume is a kind of *recherche* of the "*Recherche*," a reminder of the original experience. (Although Demetrios Capetanakis was supposed to have read it fourteen times, there can be few people who have read it more than once.) Apart from an infuriating habit of tagging praises on to every mention of Proust's name—the word "marvellous" occurs on page after page—it is an admirable job, just the kind of thing that universities should produce but seldom do.

Professor Green succeeds in throwing light on almost every aspect of the novel—style, construction, purpose, as well as on a host of individual characters and incidents; he even makes "La Prisonnière" and "Albertine Disparue" exciting. His discussions of the difference between "Drame" and "Roman," of voluntary and involuntary memory and of Idealism and Realism in fiction are particularly good. His title is, perhaps, slightly misleading. It means the mind of Proust only as revealed in his work. The relation between Proust's personal experience and the literary use he made of it is ignored, possibly because that would take Professor Green into fields where, as he shows clearly in his discussion of Charlus, he falters.

In *Freud: His Life and Mind* Miss Helen Walker Puner applies, with ruthless affection, the methods of psycho-analysis to the work of its founder. This is a very good biography. While admiring Freud's courage, originality and genius—qualities he shared with Proust—she is aware of the effect of his personal weaknesses on his theories no less than of the developments in psycho-analysis since his day. Sufficient of a Freudian to appreciate what is valid in his thought and sufficiently detached to criticize without hysteria, she has produced a book which will delight the common reader and infuriate the apostles of the Freudian Church. The extraordinary tragi-comedy of Freud's relations with his family and his followers is a "case" as fascinating and improbable as any that he himself reported.

Although Freud was beginning to publish in the early 'eighties, Proust, who probably started work on his novel in 1905, seems to have been unaffected by his discoveries. Perhaps this flood of new information about the unconscious, memory, inversion and the other problems which preoccupied him might have been indigestible. Introspection, observation and the inspired guesses of Bergson were enough. Psycho-analysis has certainly not done much for the novel so far, but Professor Green might have applied such of

its concepts as are in general use to elucidate the processes by which Proust turned his neuroses into art. Proust's own theories of the mind are insufficient to account for the miracle. Perhaps the fundamental weakness of Proust's picture of the mind is the absence of any theory of energy, of any psycho-dynamic. In the last volume Marcel fully realizes the sense of vocation which is, Professor Green argues, the fundamental theme of the whole work. Time can be retrieved and held through art. Marcel does not, however, explain the source of the gigantic courage required for the feat. The Marcel of the novel had the intelligence and sensibility to write it but not the strength and drive. Here it is Freud who is needed to supplement Bergson. Libido is a more helpful concept than Elan Vital.

Miss Puner shows how Freud's picture of "The Old Man of the Horde" illuminates his behaviour to the Zurich heretics and, in another direction, his self-identification with Moses. His own bleak courage, in the face of racial and professional persecution and fifteen terrible operations for cancer of the jaw, was founded upon the Jewish sense of mission and upon the need to justify himself retrospectively against the criticism, real or imaginary, of a very patriarchal Jewish father. Proust was half Jew, half in and half out of the society in which he was reared. Rich, successful and spoiled by his mother, he had no need to assert his strength against his family and only half a need to assert his race against the gentile. The difficulties he overcame were greater, though less dramatic, than those which faced the Central European medical pioneer. A chronic invalid, with a genuine disease that killed him at fifty, to the surprise of his friends who considered him a hypochondriac, Proust had the stimulus neither of bounding health nor of galvanizing opposition; yet from somewhere outside the areas of the mind he investigated he drew the force to voyage through strange seas alone and to bring his voyage to completion.

R. G. G. PRICE



Bubble Reputation

What did Shakespeare do between 1585, when he was in trouble with the Stratford magistrates, and 1592, when we find him established as a London playwright? Nobody knows, but in *Sergeant Shakespeare* Sir Duff Cooper suggests, very sensibly, he was a soldier. In 1585 recruits were badly needed. Leicester, our C.-in-C. in the Low Countries, lived only thirteen miles from Stratford, and a patriotic young fellow on the run could not have turned to a more likely man. A letter from Philip Sidney in 1586 shows there was a jesting player named Will in Leicester's service, and the theatrical company Shakespeare later joined had been Leicester's. But it is from the surprising exactness of the military metaphor in the plays that Sir Duff Cooper draws his most persuasive evidence. Why a sergeant? Because, he says, Shakespeare saw all his generals, even Othello, as senior N.C.O.s, the rank he must have known best. This exciting and plausible essay stands in no awe either of the Pretenders or the moated scholars.

E.O.D.K.

Chancellor of the Exchequer

Mr. Eric Estorick is neither invariably accurate nor conspicuously discriminating in the political appraisals that form the background to his biography, *Stafford Cripps*; criticism of this country for the breakdown of the League of Nations or for failure to establish friendly relations with Soviet Russia, for instance, come at least a little awkwardly from an American. On the other hand there is real value in any attempt to advise readers in the United States that our spokesman in matters financial is not the bugbear of their imagining but a gentleman with a certain background, an intellectual giant, a Christian idealist trying to realize well-known principles in practice. The story follows Sir Stafford excitingly enough all over the world and into many keenly-fought contentions, but it is a pity that the writer could not have developed a little more economic austerity in demonstrating the unworthiness of all his subject's opponents. C. C. P.



Innisfree to Byzantium

It would be impossible to write so engaging a study of Yeats as Professor Richard Ellmann has done, unless one over-rated one's subject. Yet Yeats is the best that our age has to show in the way of poets, and he was born under a traditional star. "The place that has really influenced my life most is Sligo." Neither his country's faith nor his father's free-thought survived the inadequacies of their embodiment, and, "the occult" being all the mode in his youthful circle, Yeats found himself at twenty "President of the Dublin Hermetic Society." His stage was thus set for a lion-and-unicorn tussle between the two selves he subsequently portrayed as "Robartes" and "Aherne." Professor Ellmann, with Harvard behind him, has the advantage of Yeats in knowing at the outset (with Nashe) that every poet has "a double soul." But Yeats multiplied the allowance, and it is as *The Man and the Masks* that he is so knowledgeably considered here.

H. P. E.

Essays in Criticism

Under the generic heading of *Inclinations* Mr. Edward Sackville-West has collected a score of critical pieces which give evidence of a wide knowledge, an attentive study of three literatures, and a catholic though exigent taste. They are three-dimensional, for each author called to judgment is envisaged both in relation to the standards and conditions of his time and in terms of his particular temperament, while his works are also contemplated in their aesthetic quiddity. Most of these authors are men, or women, of the nineteenth or earlier twentieth century, and most of them are novelists. Dickens and George Eliot, Stendhal and Zola are among them and there is one excursion, as stimulating as it is exceptional, into the Elizabethan world. But since Mr. Sackville-West is passionately concerned with what it has become usual to call the "predicament" of our time, he is perhaps at his most interesting when discussing such contemporaries as André Malraux and François Mauriac.

F. B.

Books Reviewed Above

The Mind of Proust. F. C. Green. (Cambridge University Press, 25/-).

Freud: His Life and Mind. Helen Walker Puner. (Grey Walls Press, 12/6).

Sergeant Shakespeare. Sir Duff Cooper. (Hart-Davis, 8/6).

Stafford Cripps. Eric Estorick. (Heinemann, 21/-).

Yeats: The Man and the Masks. Richard Ellmann. (Macmillan, 21/-).

Inclinations. Edward Sackville-West. (Secker and Warburg, 12/6).

Other Recommended Books

The Cornish Fox. C. H. B. Kitchin. (Secker and Warburg, 9/6) Very readable detective story in which character is more important than plot. Mr. Kitchin's Narrator is again sybaritic, sensitive to personal relationships and delicately odd. Keen social observation: cunningly varied pace.

Tommy Handley. Ted Kavanagh. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) "Newsy" biography of beloved comedian. Details of how "Itma" was produced, with quotations from scripts. Human, theatrical and social interest.

Join Our Christmas Club. Charles Greaves. (Allen and Unwin, 10/6) Odd and entertaining bundle of episodes in a peculiar Lancashire family. Original flavour. Loosely constructed first novel of promise.

THE RADIO DRAMATIST

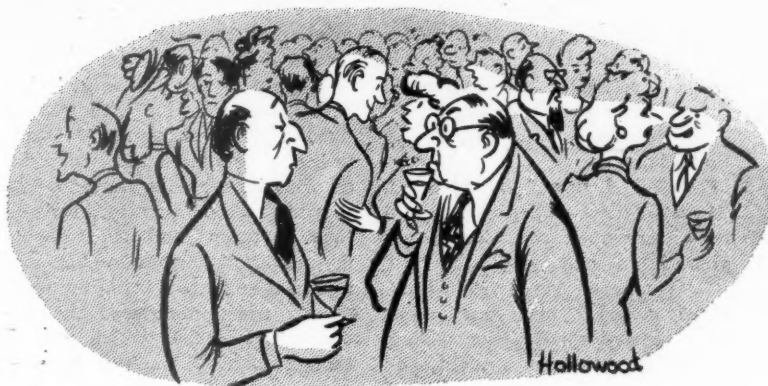
XXIII

A SHORT time ago, as my readers may remember, I investigated the possibilities of the "informative" radio play as a means of educating the public in literary matters. I have now received a letter from a Miss Barty, together with a play for criticism. Miss Barty agrees that information can readily be conveyed to the public through the medium of the radio play, but differs from me sharply as to what that information should be.

"In 1949," writes Miss Barty, "we do not wish to hear about Mrs. Wordsworth's squint or De Quincey's face-ache: we want to know how wild geese can be netted by rocket, why seventy per cent of Swedish intellectuals are bald before reaching the age of forty, why the Australian barnacle is found in British waters, and so on."

This, of course, is simply a matter of opinion. Some wish to see Shelley plain, others to get a clear picture of the Australian barnacle. Miss Barty is perfectly entitled to her own view. Where I quarrel with her is in the execution of her idea; but before I turn to this I should like to dwell for a moment upon another point of difference between us.

In her letter Miss Barty recalls my allusion, some time ago, to Poe's assertion that the work of art which in *all* cases will be most acceptable to the public is that which is concerned with the death of a beautiful woman. Miss Barty will not go all the way with Poe in this. A beautiful woman she is prepared to accept, and a misfortune, but here Miss Barty breaks away from Poe and declares that a fractured limb is sufficient for modern tastes. I cannot agree. Let Miss Barty re-read "The Raven"—still, I submit, a popular poem—and ask herself frankly whether the impact of the work would be as great if the "sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore," had merely broken her leg. Restore Annabel Lee to life and we lessen her appeal, though not a bone in her body be left unfractured.



"Aren't we talking rather above each other's head."

There are three characters in Miss Barty's play—Miranda Tibbs, winner of a beauty competition; Abel Bream, her guardian, a retired cattle-food manufacturer; and "Scoop" Beauclerk, a journalist. Beauclerk loves Miss Tibbs, but Bream opposes the match and the pair agree to run away together. On the night of their elopement Miss Tibbs slips off the ladder which Beauclerk has placed against her bedroom window and falls heavily to the ground, breaking her leg. Beauclerk rushes to the telephone to report the accident to his paper. Bream appears, roused by the noise, and gives his ward a brief outline of the procedure necessary to claim National Insurance benefit as an employed person. Moved by his sympathy, and enraged by Beauclerk's callousness, Miss Tibbs consents to put an end to her engagement.

It seems to me that this is all quite sound. Where Miss Barty goes astray is in her attempts to introduce her information, and I think we need do no more than glance at a short extract from the dialogue to see that these are naive in the extreme.

Bream. Beauclerk is poor.

Miss Tibbs. He has his National Savings Certificates! They are an excellent form of investment, free of income-tax and readily encashable.

Bream. Money nowadays goes nowhere. Prices are high and taxes

heavy. Does Beauclerk maintain a relative who has been refused Public Assistance? An allowance of £50 is not to be despised.

Later Bream bursts into a bitter denunciation of Beauclerk, and with this, not bad in itself, Miss Barty has seen fit to interlard a mass of information about postal rates and active volcanoes.

I think I have said enough to show that I have no very high opinion of Miss Barty's work, but I feel that I must add, for her encouragement, that a vigorous revision, aimed at the correction of two faults in particular, would undoubtedly improve the piece out of all recognition.

First, I would say to Miss Barty that it is of little use to begin her journey arm-in-arm with Poe, only to tumble him into the ditch at the first milestone. Let her kill Miss Tibbs and double the play's chance of success. Second, she should limit the information she seeks to convey to whatever would spring naturally from her characters. Miss Tibbs, before her fatal accident, would tell us something of cosmetics and how to apply them, Beauclerk would talk about newspapers, and although it might be thought that Bream's information on the subject of cattle-food would be received apathetically, I fancy that it is a matter whose interest to the British public is likely to increase.

T. S. WATT

HOW SHOULD ONE WRITE?

MY friend, using the sole of his shoe as a brake, stopped his triecyle lurchingly beside mine.

"Written yet?" he asked.

I removed my lollipop to say that I hadn't.

"Well, I have," he went on. "Last night. A corker, too. You'd best hurry up if you want to get yours in on time."

"That's all very well," I excused myself, "but your people don't seem to mind about spelling, and holding the pen straight, and remembering to say please, and—"

"Oh, don't they!" He climbed down backwards rather cleverly from his triecyle, without using his hands. "Course, I suppose parents have to take more trouble with girls. I mean, girls have to be helped with everything." He wiped the mud off his hands boldly on to his coat with a kind of "I-don't-care-if-Nannie-is-looking" air I found I rather envied.

"Look," he continued. "What do you want—or haven't you made up your mind?"

"Well," I said, "there's the usual doll, of course—a fairy, I suppose, although I don't much mind, it's just because one's parents expect girls to be fond of dolls. But actually what I must have is a racing car—you know, one where grown-ups can't see you pedalling and they say to each other how wonderful children's toys are nowadays. And when I get the car I'll

need a new coat and hat to go with it, and—"

"Here, I say! Steady!" My friend looked at me with what I liked to think was respect. "If your father's like mine, and if you write all that down, he'll start to talk to your mother about things like 'cutting down' and 'what-about-my-new-shirts-now-darling,' though how he comes into it is beyond me."

My friend unscrewed the top of his triecyle bell and sucked it thoughtfully. "I was thinking last night in my bath," he went on, "that if one could quietly damage the least-wanted of the toys one already has, the stronger would be the case one could put up for replacements. Do you want all that lolly?"

"Yes, I do," I replied. "But then you'd be told that you are a 'destructive little wretch,' and it takes a jolly good arguer to get round 'if-she-can't-look-after-what-she's-got,' etc."

"Maybe. However, I'm getting pretty old for toys, and I've written for one of those smashing electric things with two brass handles that shock people. I believe that if you're good enough you can hold on until you've absolutely got to be prised off."

I threw the lollipop stick at a passing dog. I said: "It's funny that none of all these millions and millions of letters gets lost—at least, I've never heard of anyone not getting what they wrote for, at

least, not if they ate their dinners properly and didn't shout out in bed at night."

"By the way, how do you post your letters?" It was his final question as he was putting on his driving gloves again. "I mean, you don't just stick them on to the end of a walking-stick and push it up the chimney, do you? That's the sort of thing kids do—they seem to think he's waiting in their particular chimney just for their particular letters. Or perhaps they don't think at all. I make mine into a dart, and though you've rather got to stand on your head, it goes zooming up splendidly."

My friend repaired his bell; climbed over the front wheel of his triecyle on to the saddle; engaged an imaginary gear by a violent kind of clearing of his throat; raised his hat courteously, and was off.

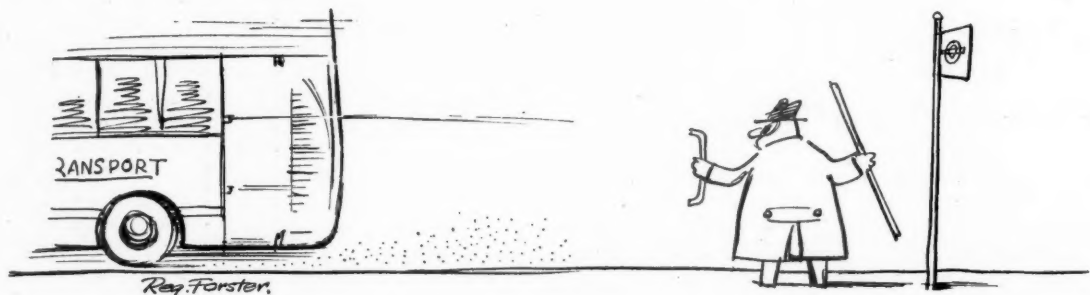
As I pedalled slowly in the opposite direction I hoped that my father knew how to make darts . . .

TWICE IS TOO MUCH

AFTER "The First Nowell"
I answered the bell;

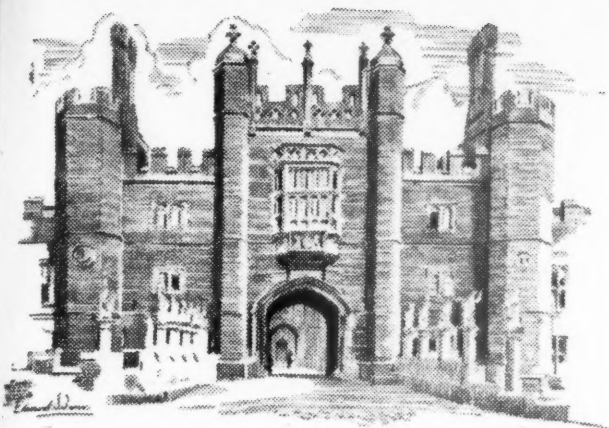
I had not reckoned
On there being a second . . .

As for the third,
I pretended that I hadn't heard.



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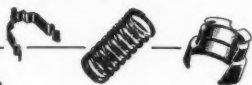
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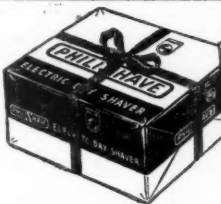
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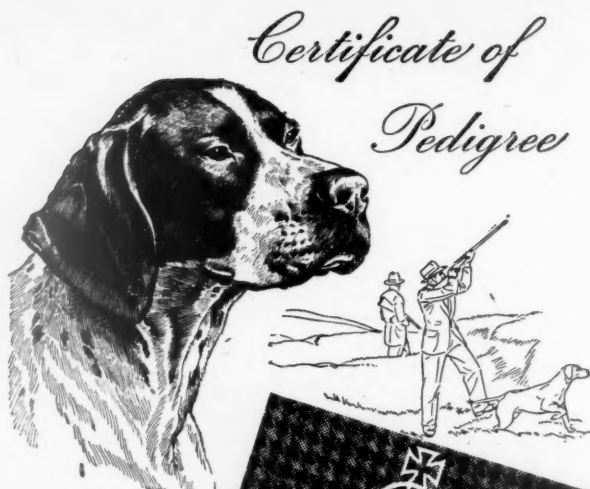
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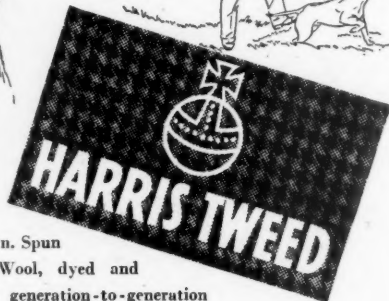


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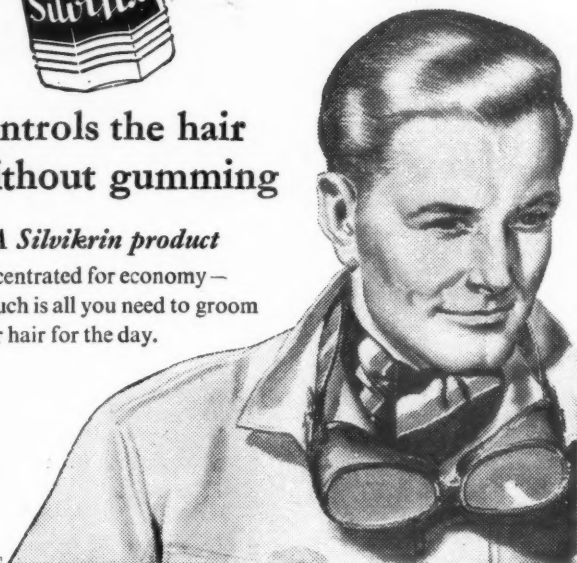
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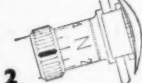
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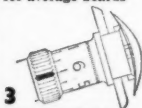
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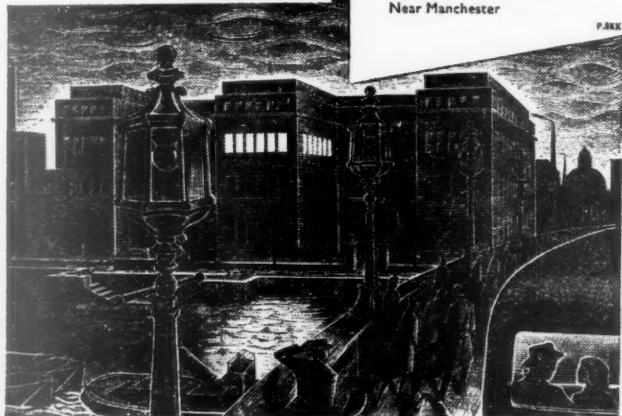
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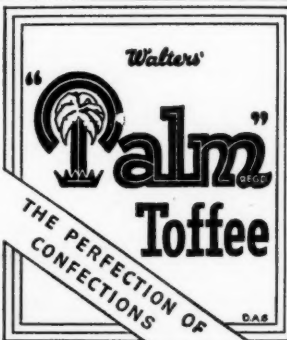
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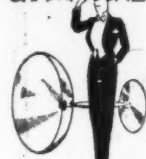
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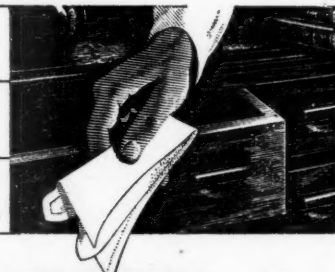
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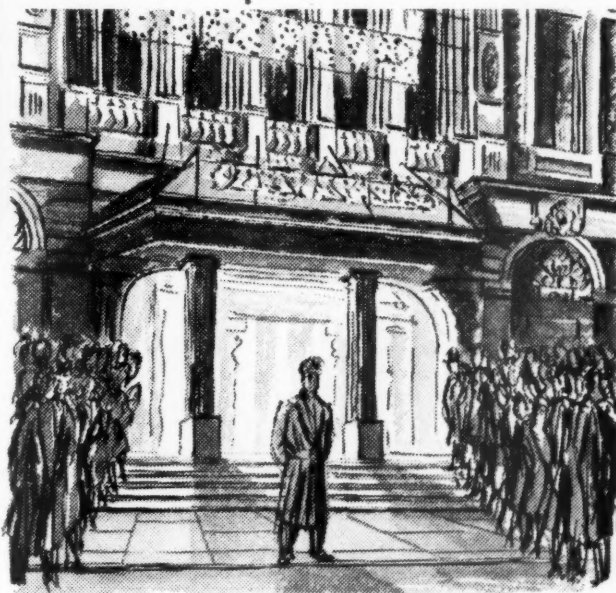
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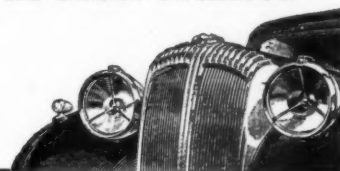
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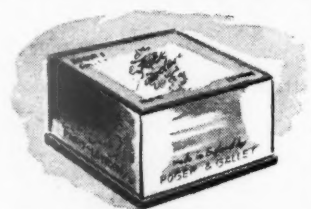




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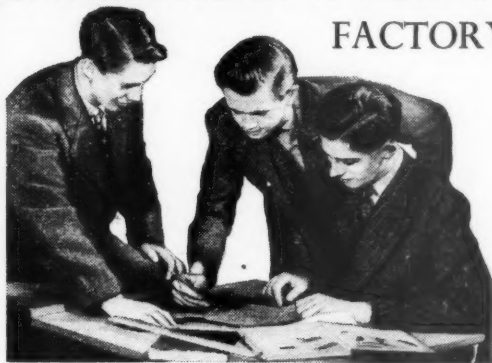
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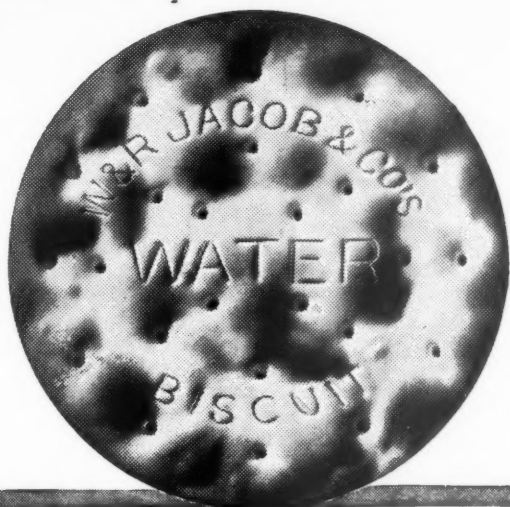
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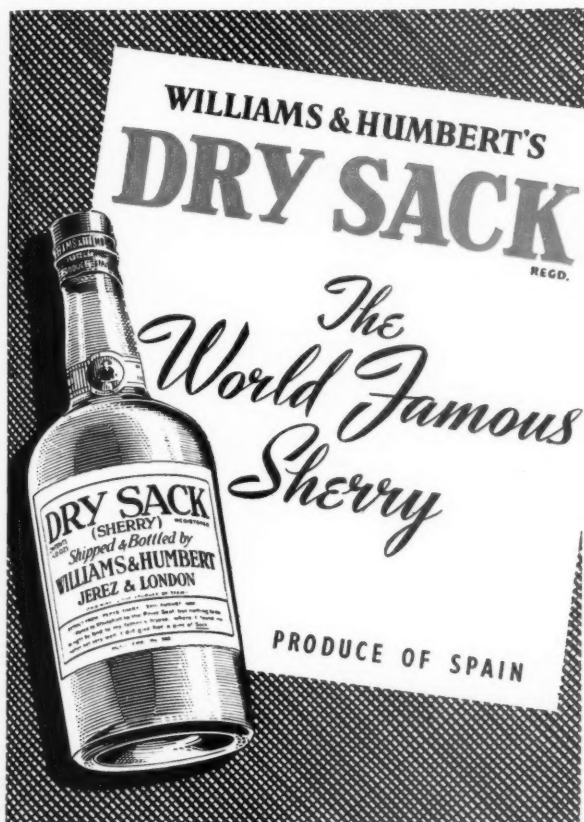
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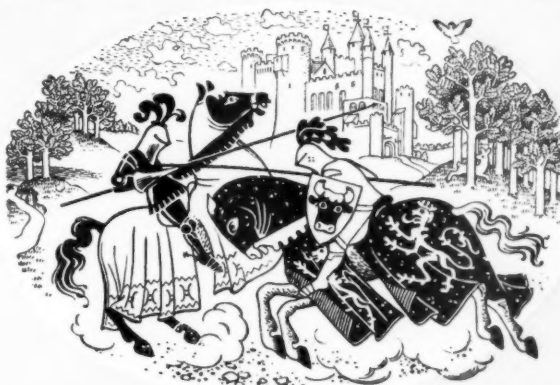
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